

TRANSACTIONS
OF THE
Moravian Historical Society

VOLUME XIV
Parts V and VI

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY

BETHLEHEM, PENNA.
TIMES PUBLISHING CO., INC.
1951

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ANNUAL MEETING, 1949.....	311
IN MEMORIAM	316
ANNUAL MEETING, 1950.....	317
IN MEMORIAM	322
THE ATLANTIC COAST OF NICARAGUA, CENTRAL AMERI- CA	325
A MISSIONARY VENTURE ON THE ST. CLAIR.....	341
PIONEERING IN WESTERN CANADA.....	351
A MORAVIAN VESPER.....	445
THE GREAT "INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP CELEBRA- TION" AT FAIRFIELD, ONTARIO, CANADA.....	451

ANNUAL MEETING

of the

Moravian Historical Society

October 13, 1949

The business meeting of the Society was held at 11.15 A.M. in the museum, Whitefield House, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, the Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, presiding. Eleven members were present. By common consent the reading of the minutes of the annual meeting held October 14, 1948, was omitted as they had been previously approved by the Executive Committee. The minutes of the Executive Committee held September 14, 1949, were read and approved as read.

The treasurer presented his annual financial statement as of October 1, 1949 :

Cash on hand, checking account and on time deposit, October 12, 1948.....	\$2,467.26	\$2,467.26
--	------------	------------

Receipts

Vesper	89.00	
Annual subscriptions	258.00	
Toward life membership.....	5.00	
Sale of publications.....	221.85	
Interest	352.95	
Donations from museum gift box.....	63.32	
Principal and interest from sale of prop- erty	4,339.57	\$5,329.69
		\$7,796.95

Disbursements

Vesper	\$ 161.63
Commission on collections.....	7.30
Light	12.00
Salaries	300.00
Check book	3.24
Insurance	6.00

Postage	2.06	
Rental of safe deposit box.....	3.60	
Purchase of U. S. Government Bonds.....	4,000.00	
Repainting sign	10.00	\$4,505.83
Balance cash on hand Oct. 1, 1949.....		\$3,291.12
Distribution, checking account		\$1,732.28
time deposits		1,558.84
<i>Investments</i>		
Lehigh Valley Annuity Bond.....	\$ 2,000.00	
Second National Bank, Nazareth, stock.....	1,000.00	
U. S. Government Bonds.....	12,610.00	
		\$17,168.84
<i>Trust funds</i>		
Helen Bell Memorial.....	\$ 3,000.00	
Monroe County Memorial.....	96.17	
Zeisberger Memorial	257.00	
Publication fund	2,689.43	
Nazareth Indian Cemetery pavilion fund.....	230.45	
Eugene Rau Estate.....	5,000.00	
Albert Brodhead Estate.....	500.00	
		\$11,773.05

JAMES S. FRY, *Treasurer*

The report, having been properly audited, was approved and ordered filed.

On motion, which was duly seconded, it was suggested that the annual financial report appear in full in the publication of our *Transactions*; this was referred to the Publication Committee.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

Publication—It was reported that our last pamphlet, Vol. XIV parts III and IV had been printed and mailed to the members.

Library—The Rev. Edward H. Swavely reported that over three hundred persons had visited the Library and Museum, and sales of publications amounted to \$227.97 and that quite a number of accessions have been received. With assistance an inventory of the *Transactions* on hand has been completed.

The president read a letter from our life member, T. H. Mueller, stating that the monument near Sharon, Conn., requires repairs to the foundation and iron fence, and stating that he had ordered the necessary repair to be made; he offered to pay for them personally. His services were accepted with a vote of appreciation.

A letter was read from the Gloucester County, N. J., Historical Society, giving some details of the restoration of the old Moravian Church at Swedesboro, N. J., and requesting financial assistance for this project. It was voted to make a contribution of \$100.00.

Bishop K. G. Hamilton reported that the Christian Education Board was assembling data regarding our monuments at former mission stations and expected to have a booklet on this subject completed during the early part of 1950.

A discussion followed pertaining to the advisability of visiting our various monuments to learn of their condition and possible necessary repairs. It was arranged to make the first pilgrimage October 29, 1950, members meeting at the Whitefield House at 1 P.M. The excursion would include the monuments at Lehighton, Gilberts and Stroudsburg. There was a discussion of the provisions of the original deed conveying the cemetery at Hope, N. J., especially obligations relating to the care of the cemetery. Brother A. E. Francke agreed to secure a copy of the deed.

The Secretary announced the names of applicants for membership:

For Active Membership, Mrs. Josephine Anglemire, Martin H. Goerner, Mrs. Frances T. Knouss, Mrs. Virginia V. Laidman, Ralph E. Van Lehn, Mrs. A. V. Vaughn. For Associate Membership, Robert P. L. Frick, Leslie R. Gray, Mrs. Leslie R. Gray, Mrs. Fred T. Heckman, Mrs. Ralph L. Lacey, Miss Jean M. Moore.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President, The Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, Ph.D., D.D.

Vice Presidents, The Rev. E. S. Hagen, D.D., Prof. H. H. Beck, Sc.D., The Rt. Rev. J. Taylor Hamilton, D.D., L.H.D., Miss Adelaide L. Fries, Litt.D., The Rt. Rev. Kenneth G. Hamilton, Ph.D.

Secretary, William E. Henry.

Treasurer, James S. Fry.

Librarian, The Rev. Edward H. Swavely.

Publication Committee, The Rt. Rev. Kenneth G. Hamilton,

The Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, Henry B. Rau, The Rev. R. H. Brennecke.

Board of Managers, James S. Fry, John E. Leibfried, Robert J. Desh, and William E. Henry.

Library Committee, J. Frederick Knecht, A.M., The Rev. Samuel Zeller, Th.D., Andrew G. Kern, George W. Hahn, The Rev. Robert I. Giering, The Rev. Edward H. Swavely.

Graveyard Committee, Robert F. Ziegler, J. Frederick Knecht, and George W. Hahn.

The business meeting then adjourned.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Executive Committee met immediately after the business session of the Society and elected the nominees presented at the business session to the several classifications of membership to which they had been nominated, and adjourned.

VESPER MEETING

The annual meeting was continued in the social rooms of the Nazareth Moravian Church at 1.15 P.M. The trombone choir of the Church announced the annual Vesper Meeting by playing several chorale selections on the lawn of the Church. Approximately one hundred and eighty members and guests were present. After the Vesper meal, the president announced the names of those members who had departed to their eternal rest during the past year, namely: The Rev. F. W. Stengel, D.D., Lititz, Pa., and Mrs. S. J. Stanfield, Brooklyn, N. Y. In their memory the customary hymn was sung, the members and guests standing.

The president made a few remarks greeting the members and guests who were present. He mentioned that this year we were celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of our mission in Nicaragua; he then presented the Rev. A. O. Danneberger, former Superintendent of missions in Nicaragua, who read a paper entitled "The Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua, Central America—Its political, economic and religious conditions."

His paper was exceedingly interesting and among other matters stressed the need of the mission to place more responsibility on the shoulders of the native population in an effort to make the

work more progressive and self-sustaining; this had received extended discussion in the General Mission Conference in Nicaragua. The paper also covered the political and economic situation and gave our members a general idea both of our mission work and of conditions that prevail in Nicaragua.

The president then introduced Miss Jean M. Moore of the Moravian Seminary and College for Women at Bethlehem, who read a paper entitled, "The Glory of the Trombones." She was assisted by Miss Gump, an associate at the seminary and college. The account contained much information regarding the use of the trombone as an instrument, together with traditional lore dear to the hearts of local Moravians.

The president called upon Leslie R. Gray of London, Ontario, Canada, who is interested in the renovation of our old mission station at Fairfield, Canada, which the Canadian Government is carrying out, it being a point of historical value. Mr. Gray spoke on the development of the project and stated that they contemplate having it completed by 1952. After singing an appropriate hymn stanza the ninety-second annual meeting of the Society was declared adjourned.

WILLIAM E. HENRY, *Secretary*

In Memoriam

REV. F. W. STENGEL, D.D.

was born October 18, 1874, at Mamre, Wisconsin. He died September 16, 1949, at Lancaster, Pa. He joined the Society in 1933.

MRS. S. J. STANFIELD

was born April 17, 1867, in Saxony, Germany. She died September 5, 1949, at Westbury, Long Island, N. Y. She joined the Society in 1928.

ANNUAL MEETING

of the

Moravian Historical Society

October 12, 1950

The business meeting of the Society convened in the museum at the Whitefield House, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, October 12, 1950, at 11 A.M., the president, the Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, in the chair. Fifteen members were present.

The minutes of the last annual meeting held October 13, 1949, had been approved by the Executive Committee and their reading was dispensed with by common consent. The minutes of the Executive Committee meeting held June 2, 1950, were read and approved as read.

The treasurer presented his annual statement, as follows :

Cash on hand in checking account.....	\$1,732.28	
On time deposit.....	1,558.84	\$3,291.12

Receipts

Vesper	\$ 107.50	
Annual subscriptions	283.00	
Sale of publications.....	47.23	
Interest	453.12	
Fees for research work.....	15.00	\$ 905.85

\$4,196.97

Disbursements

Vesper	\$ 134.85
Printing and stationery.....	8.50
Printing <i>Transactions</i>	681.34
Postage	24.44
Salaries	300.00
Cleaning museum, etc.....	40.00
Insurance	13.60
Safe deposit box.....	3.60

Commission on collections.....	7.10	
Gloucester County, N. J.		
Historical Society, donation.....	100.00	
Postal cards	5.00	
Light	12.00	
Stamped envelopes	25.00	\$1,355.43
Balance cash on hand Oct. 1, 1950.....		\$2,841.54
Distribution, Checking account		\$1,267.08
Time deposits		1,574.46
<i>Investments</i>		
Lehigh Valley annuity bonds.....		\$ 2,000.00
Second National Bank, Nazareth, stock.....		1,000.00
U. S. Government bonds.....		12,610.00
		\$17,184.46
<i>Trust Funds</i>		
Helen Bell Memorial.....		\$ 3,000.00
Monroe County Memorial.....		96.17
Zeisberger Memorial		257.00
Publication Fund		2,689.43
Indian Cemetery, Nazareth, pavilion fund.....		230.45
Eugene Rau Estate.....		5,000.00
Albert Brodhead Estate		500.00
		\$11,773.05

JAMES S. FRY, *Treasurer*

The report, having been properly audited, was approved and ordered filed.

REPORT OF COMMITTEES

The special committee comprised of the treasurer, James S. Fry, and the secretary which had been appointed to visit the Hope, N. J., cemetery and to report at this meeting made the following statement. They inspected the cemetery and found that the grass had been mowed and that it was in a fairly good condition, excepting that some of the tombstones were slightly sunken and partly covered with grass; other tombstones having been removed some years ago are still piled along side of the cemetery. It will be difficult to place them on the respective graves. The

committee recommended that a large marker be placed on the grounds with the names of the deceased cast on a bronze tablet.

On motion it was voted to request the secretary to inquire into the price of a marker and tablet and the general expense involved, and report to the Executive Committee.

In connection with the Hope cemetery Rev. A. E. Francke submitted a letter he had received from Mr. Charles R. Westbrooke, of Hope, N. J., secretary of the Moravian Cemetery Association, soliciting financial funds for the care of the cemetery. On motion it was voted to contribute \$15.00 annually for this purpose and have the committee composed of the treasurer and secretary contact Mr. Westbrooke and discuss the situation.

It was reported that the Indian Cemetery at Nazareth, Pa., was in need of attention, including foundation of the monument, grounds, pavilion and path or approach to the cemetery. This was referred to the Cemetery Committee with instructions for it to determine if a right-of-way for a driveway from the main road to the cemetery could be arranged with the owner of the property adjacent to the cemetery; at present the approach consists only of a path.

Brother Henry L. Williams, having spent some time in England, gave a report of the Moravian Historical Society of the British Province and extended their greetings to our Society and proposed an exchange of publications. After discussion it was voted to forward them a full set of our *Transactions*, if available, and place them on our exchange list.

The secretary presented the following names of applicants for membership in the Society:

For Active Membership, Miss Thelma A. Beck, E. Cockshutt, Otto Dreydoppel, Arthur Freeman, Mrs. Ethel G. Schwarze, Rev. Gordon A. Stoltz, Miss Muriel L. Wilson, Mrs. Georgine Weinlick, Christian D. Weber. Associate Membership, Mrs. Rachel de Rosset. The following names were transferred to Life Membership, Dr. Anna C. Clauder and Henry A. Shimer.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President, The Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, D.D., Ph.D.

Vice Presidents, The Rev. E. S. Hagen, D.D., Prof. H. H. Beck, Sc.D., The Rt. Rev. J. Taylor Hamilton, D.D., L.H.D., The Rt. Rev. Kenneth G. Hamilton, Ph.D.

Secretary, William E. Henry.

Librarian, The Rev. Edward H. Swavely.

Treasurer, James S. Fry.

Publication Committee, The Rt. Rev. K. G. Hamilton, The Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp, Mr. Henry B. Rau, The Rev. Robert H. Brennecke.

Board of Managers, James S. Fry, John E. Leibfried, Robert J. Desh, William E. Henry.

Library Committee, J. Frederick Knecht, A.M., The Rev. Samuel Zeller, Th.D., Andrew G. Kern, George W. Hahn, The Rev. Robert I. Giering, The Rev. Edward H. Swavely.

Graveyard Committee, J. Frederick Knecht, George W. Hahn, Robert F. Ziegler, James S. Fry.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Executive Committee met immediately after the business session of the Society and elected the nominees presented at the business meeting to the several classifications of membership to which they were nominated, and adjourned.

VESPER MEETING

The annual meeting was continued in the social rooms of the Nazareth Moravian Church at 1.15, P.M. The trombone choir of the Church announced the annual Vesper Meeting by playing several chorales on the lawn of the Church. Approximately one hundred and sixty-five members and guests were present. After the Vesper meal, the president announced the names of those members who had departed to their eternal rest during the past year as follows: Lewis J. H. Grossart, The Rev. Robert E. Clewell, Miss Daisy Bittner, Mrs. Flora D. Lees, Jesse M. Bodder, Theophilus W. Shields, Miss Adelaide L. Fries, Frank J. Leibert, Col. Charles H. Traeger, Prof. Garth L. Howland. In their memory the customary hymn was sung, the members and guests standing.

The president greeted the members and guests who were present and then introduced Miss Haller of Philadelphia, who read a paper entitled "Facets of Early Moravian Education." Her data had been compiled from records in our archives in Bethlehem.

She confined her paper to five facets of Moravian education. She pointed out the modern progressiveness of this educational system when viewed from the distance of two hundred years. Another facet to be noted, she said, was the extensiveness of Moravian educational work, as seen both in the wide variety of schools which Moravians conducted in many places and in their willingness to train children belonging to all manner of creeds and races. A third facet was the deep religious value which the early Brethren placed upon every phase of their educational program. The fourth facet was the intensive nature of the training they offered, as evidenced by the length of the training period and the demands made during it upon the time and thought and energy of the children. The last facet to be emphasized was the rich tradition which came to Moravian education in the eighteenth century as a heritage from the Ancient Unity. These facets could be said to combine to form the jewel of M - E - R - I - T, symbolizing the value of early Moravian education.

After favorable comments upon this paper, the president introduced Mrs. Alma E. Gray, of London, Canada, who read a paper entitled, "A Missionary Venture on the St. Clair." She described how Christian Frederick Dencke, then a teacher at Nazareth Hall, in the Spring of 1800 left for Fairfield, on the Thames River, Ontario, Canada, for missionary work among the Chippewa Indians. During this activity he covered many points along the St. Clair river. For lack of sufficient interest shown by the Indians, this work was finally abandoned. At Fairfield itself, interested friends, aided by a grant from the Canadian Government, have recently erected several buildings and a monument. This was completed and dedicated August 13-14, 1950. The Rt. Rev. S. H. Gapp and the Rt. Rev. K. G. Hamilton were present and took part in the services; also present were the Rev. Edward H. Swavely and his wife.

The secretary read the names of those persons who had joined the Society during the past year.

The president asked the members present for remarks or any business that should be brought before the meeting. As there was no response, he declared the ninety-third annual meeting adjourned after singing the fifth stanza on the leaflet, as an appropriate closing hymn.

WILLIAM E. HENRY, *Secretary*

In Memoriam

LEWIS J. H. GROSSART

was born 1866 in Egg Harbor, N. J. He died December 27, 1949, in Allentown, Pa. He joined the Society in 1913.

REV. ROBERT E. CLEWELL

was born January 30, 1871, in Harmony, Iowa. He died May 16, 1950, in Nazareth, Pa. He joined the Society in 1934.

MISS DAISY BITTNER

was born March 29, 1872, in Lancaster, Pa. She died June 12, 1950, in Lancaster, Pa. She joined the Society in 1934.

MRS. FLORA D. LEES

was born August 5, 1865, in Bethlehem, Pa. She died in the same city on April 11, 1950. She joined the Society in 1942.

JESSE M. BODDER

was born August 21, 1890, in Bethlehem, Pa. He died April 16, 1950, in Bethlehem, Pa. He joined the Society in 1916.

THEOPHILUS W. SHIELDS

was born November 3, 1879, in Olney, Ill. He died April 22, 1949, in New York City, N. Y. He joined the Society in 1945.

MISS ADELAIDE L. FRIES, LITT.D.

was born November 12, 1871, in Winston-Salem, N. C. She died November 29, 1949, in Winston-Salem, N. C. She joined the Society in 1907. Elected a vice-president in 1920, Miss Fries served the Society in many ways, and read valuable papers on several occasions. Her lifetime interest in Moravian history in her capacity of archivist of the Southern Province gave a rich background to her work. Vol. XI, part III of the *Transactions* contains her lectures on "Moravian Customs; Our Inheritance."

FRANKLIN J. LEIBERT

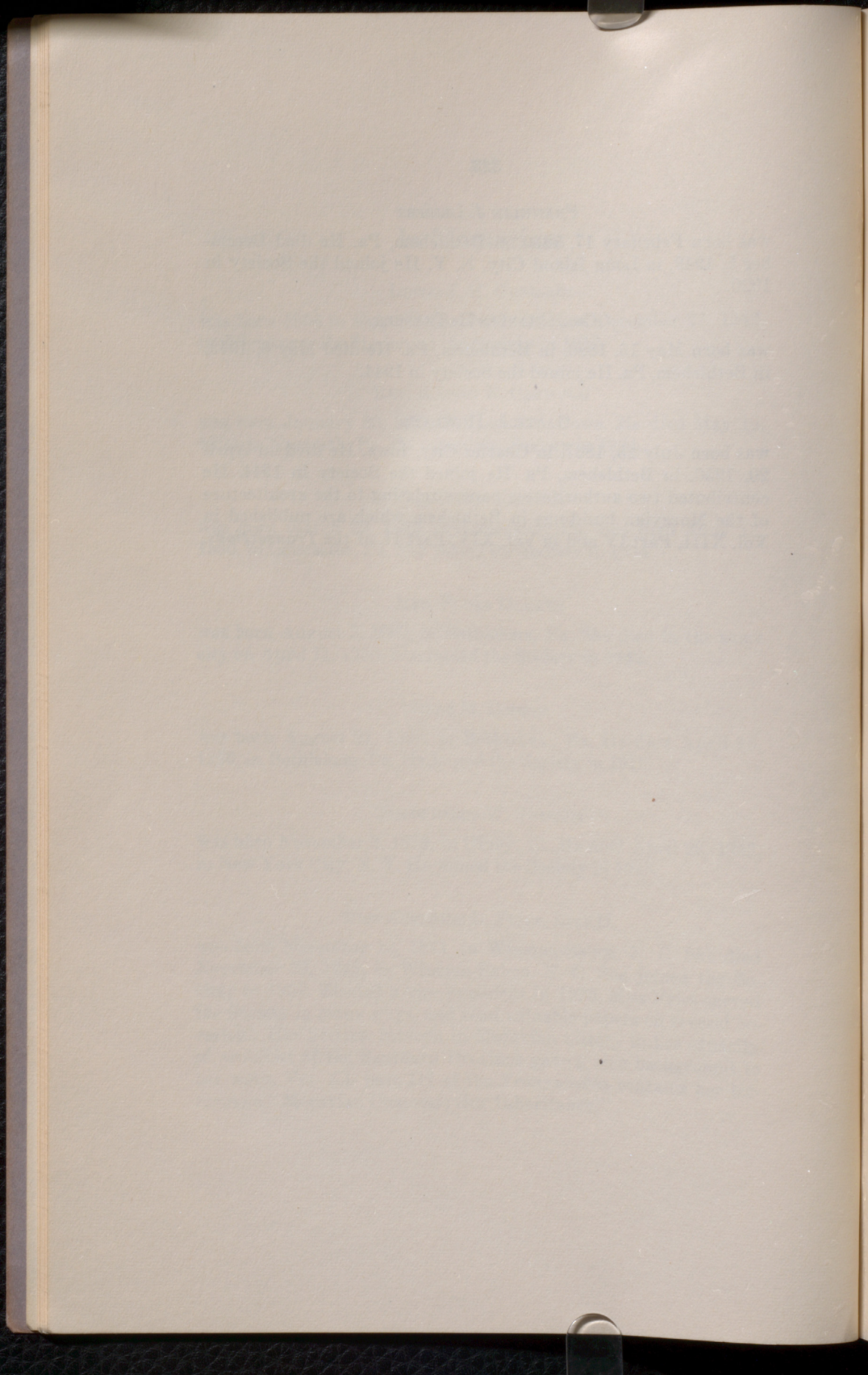
was born February 17, 1860, in Bethlehem, Pa. He died December 5, 1949, in Long Island City, N. Y. He joined the Society in 1920.

COL. CHARLES H. TRAEGER

was born May 16, 1880, in Bethlehem, Pa. He died May 6, 1949, in Bethlehem, Pa. He joined the Society in 1944.

GARTH L. HOWLAND

was born July 25, 1887, in Charles City, Iowa. He died on April 20, 1950, in Bethlehem, Pa. He joined the Society in 1944. He contributed two authoritative papers relating to the architecture of the Moravian buildings in Bethlehem which are published in Vol. XIII, Part IV and in Vol. XIV, Part II, of the *Transactions*.



The Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua Central America

Its political, economic and religious conditions.

THE REV. A. O. DANNEBERGER, D.D.

Early History

In 1502 Nicaragua emerged out of the dark past into the light of present history when Christopher Columbus on his fourth and last voyage sailed along the Atlantic Coast of then unknown Nicaragua. Where the Wangks River, or Rio Segovia, which traverses almost the entire country from West to East, sheds its often turbulent waters into the Caribbean Sea, he sheltered his fleet during a hurricane in a quiet bay on the Northern coast and, out of gratitude to God for His gracious protection, he named the place, Cabo Gracias a Dios—Cape Thanks to God.

During the centuries of Spanish colonial administration the Roman Catholic Church was the pioneer of evangelization of the Pacific Coast. There, to quote Dr. Kenneth G. Grubb, a co-editor of the *WORLD DOMINION*, in his book, *RELIGION IN CENTRAL AMERICA*, "a baptized semi-paganism came into existence." Attempts from the West to conquer the Atlantic Coast failed, however, and the invaders returned whence they had come, calling the Indians, "indianos bravos." Later efforts to reach the Mosquito Coast, as it is also called, with the Word of God were likewise without success. A priest from Andalusia, alone or accompanied by warriors, worked among the Indians near Cabo Gracias a Dios and baptized many; but it is reported that he and another priest were murdered during an attack by hostile tribes.

In 1670 the Indians placed themselves under the protection of Great Britain, and during the reign of James II the Indian king was recognized as such by a document bearing the privy seal of Jamaica. The Indians also allied themselves with the buccaneers who had their headquarters on some West Indian islands, whence they made predatory excursions against Spanish trading vessels. In the many lagoons and rivers along the coast they found safe

refuge. Old rusty guns left behind in various places testify to the activities of the pirates; but efforts to locate hidden treasures have to date ended in failure. Bluefields, the main city of the Atlantic Coast, numbering approximately 8,000 inhabitants at present, is said to have derived its name from an outstanding leader, called Bleeveld. After the power of the buccaneers had been broken and Spaniards from the Pacific shore attempted to advance anew towards the territory of the Indians, the latter sought still closer alliance with England.

In what manner the connection between Great Britain and the Miskito Indians began is not known, but it is certain and on record that while the Duke of Albemarle was governor of Jamaica, to which office he was appointed in 1687, the Indians made a formal concession of sovereignty of their country to the King of England and that in consequence of that cession the chief of the Miskitos received his appointment as king by a commission given him by the Governor of Jamaica in the name and on behalf of the King of England. The Miskito King was a pawn and puppet—if the truth must be told—in the intricate game of empire-building.

Ten years after the treaty with the British government had been concluded, three British colonies were established: at Bluefields, at Cabo Gracias a Dios, and at the mouth of Black River which later was sold by an Indian king to Honduras. During a maritime war between England and Spain the former erected forts along the coast which were occupied by English troops until peace was established in 1763. Thereafter trade in mahogany, rubber and other forest products flourished with Europe, Jamaica and neighboring Spanish colonies. It is reported that over one thousand white people lived on the coast and carried on the trade with twelve sea-going vessels.

For the Indians it was a period of peace under the patronage of foreigners. For a time Spain even paid tribute to the Miskito Indians for permission to use the water way from Greytown up the San Juan River. This time of peace on the Atlantic Coast was mainly due to political disturbances on the Pacific Coast. In 1821 independence was proclaimed and effectively established in most of Central America, which continued as one independent and federal republic until 1839, when it was dissolved into the various Central American Republics of the present day. In 1855 the unprincipled adventurer William Walker, led an invasion of Nica-

ragua which the above mentioned Dr. Grubb calls "the scandalous conquest by a North American filibuster." This dramatic episode in a measure paralleled the Maximilian tragedy in Mexico. Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee, was graduated at Nashville University and studied medicine at Edinburgh and Heidelberg. After a fruitless attempt to found a republic in Lower California and the refusal of the Mexicans to be "liberated," he made his way with fifty-five followers to Nicaragua. During five years of his tempestuous career this young American adventurer became in turn "liberator," dictator, president and refugee from Nicaragua. Twice arrested and deported by U. S. forces, he was finally made a prisoner by an officer of the British navy and was surrendered to the authorities in Honduras. He was tried by court-martial and shot, September 12, 1860. All these political upheavals, however, left the still independent Miskito Indians untouched.

England's protectorate over the Miskito Indians continued for many years after the removal of the English troops. The Indian King George, who had been crowned in Jamaica in the presence of the British Governor, rendered faithful service during the English-Spanish war. Admiral Nelson, who defeated the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar in 1805, had sailed from Port Royal, Jamaica, to the Mosquito Coast in 1780, in order to obtain command of Lake Nicaragua and capture the rich cities of Granada and Leon. Nelson's responsibilities ended when the troops disembarked at the mouth of the San Juan River, but finding that not a man had ever been up that river, he accompanied the party. The expedition had started three months too late. Water was low, much unwholesome, evil-smelling mud was exposed, and shoals and sandbanks had to be avoided. Nelson, though smitten by sickness, continued on duty, and, thanks to King George's personal assistance as pilot, he brought about the fall of Fort San Juan. Another king, George Frederick, was crowned in the cathedral of Belize, the capital of British Honduras, surrounded by the governor and Indian chiefs. He was transported back to his country on board a British man-of-war. Unmourned by his chiefs and people, he died by an assassin's hand in 1824.

It was during the reign of King Robert Charles Frederick that the governor of British Honduras, Colonel McDonald, appeared in 1841 on the man-of-war, "The Tweed" in Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan River, to demand from the Nicaraguan

government that the Indians' control of Greytown be maintained. The Miskito king accompanied him on that occasion. The British government took the commander of Greytown, Colonel Quijano, prisoner and exiled him for some time to Cabo Gracias a Dios. A complaint by the Nicaraguan government to the British Crown only brought a new recognition of the rights of the Indians under British protectorate.

In 1860 the British protectorate over the Miskito Indians came to an end, when Great Britain signed a treaty in Managua, relinquishing to the Nicaraguan government all her rights over the Mosquito Coast. However, certain privileges, such as freedom from taxes and from military service, were granted to the Indians living in the Miskito Reserve, which extended about 150 miles from Bluefields to the mouth of the Hausen River, a few miles north of present day Puerto Cabezas. This state of affairs was cut short by a coup d'état carried out by President Zelaya on February 12, 1894, and the Indians lost the last vestige of their independence. The young Miskito king was exiled to Jamaica, where he received a pension from the British government until his death on January 10, 1908. When the Mosquito Reservation was incorporated into the Republic of Nicaragua, Nicaraguan laws and language automatically became effective in the newly created Department of Zelaya, a name that was changed to Bluefields in April 1911.

An Event of Great Influence

George Augustus Frederick was the last of the Miskito kings. He had been a weak, ineffective ruler, addicted to drink. What made his reign important was the fact that it signalized an event of far reaching significance for the East Coast of Nicaragua. A new spiritual factor entered into the situation with the arrival of the first Moravian missionaries. There can be no question that this was the beginning of a spiritual influence in the country which has been very evident in the cultural development of the people.

In 1844 Prince Carl of Prussia and Prince Schoenburg-Waldenburg sent three Germans to the Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua to investigate the possibility of a colonization enterprise. The report of the findings was unfavorable and no practical results followed. An interesting account of their travels, printed in a book

containing some 274 pages by a publishing house in Berlin, made Prince Schoenburg-Waldenburg realize that the Mosquito Coast was less in need of German immigrants than of missionaries, who would endeavor to raise the Miskito Indians from their superstition and gross ignorance by bringing them the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He appealed to the directing board of the Moravian Church in Herrnhut, Saxony. It in turn instructed two missionaries, Heinrich Gottlob Pfeiffer and Abraham Amadeus Reinke, at that time stationed in Jamaica, to investigate. They sailed from Kingston by way of Greytown and arrived in Bluefields on Sunday, May 2, 1847. There they received a warm welcome from the British consul general, Patrick Walker, to whom they brought a letter of recommendation from Lord Palmerston, premier of England. The Miskito King George Augustus Frederick also received them cordially and promised them a sizable piece of land in Bluefields, if they returned. The Reverend Mr. Pfeiffer went to Germany to report to the General Synod at Herrnhut. As the result, it was decided to begin a mission among the inhabitants of Eastern Nicaragua. The Rev. Heinrich Gottlieb Pfeiffer and his wife, and the Rev. Eugene Lundberg, accompanied by Ernest Kandler, a layman and carpenter, left London for Bluefields on January 4, 1849. Fifty soldiers and one hundred convicts were their fellow passengers. In Gibraltar the vessel was detained for eight days in cholera quarantine, and on departing from that port it ran aground on a sandbank. A British man-of-war saved it from shipwreck. At last the party of four reached Kingston, Jamaica, on February 22. They left on March 10 for their final destination, arriving at the Bluff on Monday, March 13, and in Bluefields the following day. This, then, is the birthday of the Moravian Mission in Nicaragua.

What the Missionaries Found

The condition of the country itself can be judged from a vivid description by Rev. R. R. Gregory, the Caribbean agency secretary of the American Bible Society, who visited Bluefields in recent years. He writes that "during my thirty years in Latin America I have never found another mission that has chosen such a difficult and uninviting field as have the Moravians. I have seen only part of the territory from the air. What one sees is jungles and rivers flowing through lowlands. Imagine a territory about two hundred and forty miles in length and fifty miles in width

with a population of barely thirty thousand people. At present only a few places can be visited by airplane, and for the superintendent to visit the entire field would take several months."

In those early days travelling in sailing vessels along the sea shore and in canoes along the rivers, over rapids and falls, was most hazardous. River travelling is still quite dangerous, especially during the rainy season when the streams rise tremendously, occasionally as much as forty feet during a single night. The crumbling banks bring down trees which, sweeping down the rapid current, render navigation difficult. According to the records of the Nicaragua Canal Company, over 296 inches of rain fell at Greytown in 1890. Inundated areas provide favorable breeding places for the mosquitoes, and malaria fever is the most prevalent disease.

At the arrival of the first missionaries Bluefields was, and to a large extent still is, inhabited by so-called "Creoles," the descendants of negroes and mulattoes who had come over from Jamaica and in some cases intermarried with Indians. They all speak the English language.

In spite of the presence of nominal Creole Christians there was no preacher, church, schoolmaster or schoolhouse; consequently superstition, credulity and ignorance prevailed among the people. Full of Christian enthusiasm and with a wonderful amount of patience, the missionaries began the work of regeneration in the usual methodical German way, by gradually spreading the seed of the gospel and by opening a school for the education of the young in Bluefields.

The first church in the entire region was organized by the Moravian Mission in 1852. Prior to that time some visits had been made by the Anglican clergy, but they had been suspended. The natives of Bluefields expressed complete satisfaction with the work of the Moravian missionaries who, as they put it, had come to them with the Bible in one hand and the axe in the other and who were teaching them to work and to pray. In 1861 a Spanish priest spent a few months in Bluefields and on the Coast, baptizing as many candidates as possible, without any previous instruction. He did not, however, carry out his promise of returning and settling in the country. Thirty years later the Roman Catholic Church began a definite work; but by that time the Moravian Church was well established.

Church records were scrupulously kept from the very beginning, and until this day the government of Nicaragua resorts to them for reference. The statistics of 1855 report fifty-three baptized members; in 1864 there were 629 under the care of the missionaries. The Indian Princess Agnes became one of the first converts.

The Missionary Work among the Indians

Systematic work among the Indians living north of Bluefields was begun in 1858 and gradually spread along the entire coast and up the many rivers and creeks. Constrained by the love of Christ His servants pushed forward in small, filthy sailing vessels by sea, in narrow canoes up the winding rivers and on foot across the stony, shadeless savannahs. Malaria fever claimed many victims before its cause and cure were fully understood. A number of graves in Bluefields, as well as others in various Indian villages, testify that the work has been founded on sacrifices, tears and precious lives laid down for the Master.

The Miskito Indians are estimated at about twenty thousand, which number exceeds that of all the other Indian tribes of the Mosquito Coast combined. Ethnological studies have so far led to no satisfactory conclusions as to the origin of the Miskito Indians. The Sumu Indians are split into different subtribes speaking various dialects. Their total number is estimated at about three thousand or three thousand five hundred.

The more primitive Sumu prefer to live in remote places far up the river. They come out to the ports to trade their plantation products and the salted meat of wild hogs which they kill with bow and arrow or with shot-gun. Apparently it is an inherited fear which causes them to shun contact with the outside world. A number of Miskito villages along the coast and on the lower rivers still bear Sumu names. It is, therefore, likely that Sumu Indians once dwelled there but were driven further inland by hostile Miskito Indians. The Mongolic spot or "oriental mark," a bluish-gray spot in the sacral region, which gradually disappears in adult life, is met with in all the Sumu tribes. This seems to indicate their descent from the Mongolian race. In stature and habits they show an unmistakable similarity to the Eskimos.

The Revival

By 1870 the membership of the Moravian Church had passed the first thousand. One of the most striking incidents in the his-

tory of the Mission was the great revival in 1881. Early in February a young Creole woman in Magdala, now called Pearl Lagoon, was suddenly overcome with fear and trembling at a funeral. After three days of inward struggle she gained the assurance that her sins were forgiven. Soon others were affected in the same way.

Quite independent of Magdala the revival started simultaneously in Bluefields. On a Sunday afternoon the people had gathered for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The congregation was stirred to its depth, and most of the communicants went from the church to a widow's home for prayer and supplication. There was much weeping and conviction of sin. In those days the church bell might be rung at any hour, and always the church would be so crowded that there was no room to kneel for prayer. It needed tact and wisdom to control the wave of emotion. Over one hundred converts asked to be admitted into church fellowship. The nets threatened to break. Indians living in the darkness of heathenism, superstition and ignorance, far away from the personal influence of the missionaries, were aroused from their apathy and, on their own initiative, travelled in small sea-going boats to the mission stations in search of the truth.

Incident Illustrating the Effectiveness of the Gospel

To relate just one incident from those days. An Indian woman had been instructed and baptized, and then returned to her former heathen surroundings in a large Indian village. Debaucheries were of frequent occurrence, especially on days when the "isigini," the roaming spirit of the deceased, for which food and drink had been placed on the grave, was captured by the "sukia," or witch-doctor. On such occasions the natives made an intoxicating beverage from the cassava plant, from which tapioca is also derived. The cassava, rich in starch, is first peeled and cooked and then chewed by the women; when thoroughly saturated with saliva, it is spit out into a vessel in order to activate fermentation. The latter process is accelerated by the addition of sugar-cane juice and maize. The product, left until thoroughly fermented, made the natives furiously drunk. Old grudges and rivalries were revived, old grievances raked up, insults resented and payments of old debts demanded. Fist fights occurred on the slightest provocation. Women rushed to their huts to collect and hide the ma-

chêtes (heavy cutlasses) and the shot-guns. The writer of *Tawira*¹ describes the effects of such an orgy by saying: "Women were thrown to the ground, children cried, dogs barked, until the whole population lay drunk in the grass. The silence was interrupted by weeping children crawling over the bodies of their stupified mothers and by the groans of the men who had been wounded in the fight."

Monica, as she was named on the day of her baptism, set her face against this evil. She would rise at midnight from her hard, bamboo bed, shoulder an axe and smash the container of the intoxicating liquid in the hut where the drunken orgy was planned. The swift blows of her axe were heard in the stillness of the night. Nobody dared to stay her hand, realizing that she was possessed by a greater than human power.

Problems

The change in national allegiance of the Indians was slow and fraught with problems, as a result of their former affiliation with England. According to a long current story, Queen Victoria was supposed to have admonished her son and successor on her death-bed not to forget the Miskito Indians. Negroes from Jamaica had settled among the Indians. They prided themselves in being British subjects and fanned the flame of affection for England. Two Indians were sent to London, at the beginning of this century, to interview the British King on behalf of their people. Apparently they fell into the hands of some officials who sent them back with all sorts of vague promises. Two local insurrections occurred against the central government though without any serious consequences. For the missionaries it was not easy to reconcile their love for the Indians with the respect which they owed to the Nicaraguan government. Yet Dr. Grubb is right when he states: "The sound influence of the Moravian Mission was demonstrated when the coast was incorporated into the Republic of Nicaragua and a step which might well have occasioned much difficulty was smoothly accomplished."

During the first world war the Indians were perplexed by the fact that two Christian nations had locked together in a death struggle. Had not both countries sent them messengers with the

¹This term means "straight haired" and signifies a pure blooded Indian.

Gospel message of pardon and peace? After discussing the problem among themselves, they sent a delegate to the writer requesting him to send letters to the King of England and the Emperor of Germany to plead with them in the name of the Miskito Indians to cease the struggle. It was a hopeless but honest endeavor on the part of former fierce warriors who in the past would swim across the river with a knife in their mouth to attack another village, but who had now been changed into peace loving people.

Political Disturbances

Continuous political disturbances in the republic added to the difficulties which the missionaries faced. For years Granada and Leon alternated as the capital of Nicaragua; finally Managua, the present capital, was built as a compromise. Now the Conservatives and Liberals struggle incessantly for power in the new capital, power which assures revenues and high offices to the party in control. For the other side it means the loss of all influence, all local prestige; often it spells the danger of personal exile for those leaders who in defeat have no army to protect themselves.

During the regime of José Santos Zelaya, between 1900 and 1910, ten revolutions occurred. For a few years he had ordered all the Moravian schools to be closed, because they were not prepared at that time to meet the requirements of his government to teach all subjects in the Spanish language. During the summer 1912, a force of about 2,600 United States soldiers was stationed along the Atlantic Coast. By the end of the year all were removed except a legation guard of four hundred marines. Two years later another detachment of marines landed in Bluefields. Both the Taft and Wilson administrations took the stand that the United States had a "moral mandate" in Nicaragua for the "preservation of peace." These policies, however, were abandoned later on.

The activities of the guerrilla leader, General Sandino, whose armed followers were responsible for the ruthless murder of the Reverend Karl Bregenzler in 1931, belong to the sad experiences of recent years. Having as their device a machete and a decapitated head, the bandits came bursting from ambush, shooting and yelling "Viva Sandino"; they killed and looted mercilessly, aiming at the extermination of all North Americans. Missionaries and their families had to take refuge in Bluefields; others were taken by surprise on their visits to out-stations and

had to spend several days and nights on sandbanks to escape the furious onslaughts. "The little chap who defied a Colossus," as one paper wrote, "quits his gadfly campaign after five years of bloody stinging." The man that the U. S. Marines could never catch came out of the jungle by airplane with an automatic pistol at his hip, but words of peace on his tongue. "Why discuss the basis of peace?" he said. "It is our duty as Nicaraguans to establish it, as we are brothers. I have nothing against North Americans personally. Let them come and work here. However, for them to come as our bosses, we should not accept." In spite of all these obstacles a vigorous advance was made in 1930 across the border line into the Mosquitia of Honduras; definite mission work was also established both in the gold mining districts and beyond the falls and rapids of the Wangks River among the remotest Indian settlements.

The Economic Difficulties

The economy of the Atlantic Coast naturally plays an important part in mission work. It is subjected to frequent floods, insect plagues and occasional hurricanes with their devastating results. On the broad tropical plains bananas, sugar cane, beans and rice are cultivated. Pine, mahogany, cedar and other valuable woods are exploited without any attempt at re-planting. Lowland jungles remain the chief barrier to transportation. In some areas roads are non-existent, and trails are kept open with great difficulty on account of the luxuriant growth of the tropics. "The Highway" running through Central America does not benefit the Atlantic Coast; but a road is under construction from the Pacific side to Rama City, which is several hours run in a motor boat from Bluefields. Progress has been extremely slow, but it now is possible to use it at the very height of the dry season.

The prospect of digging a canal across Nicaragua and bringing prosperity to both the Pacific and Atlantic Coast has not been realized. It may seem strange that such a small item as a postage stamp should have played an important role in the selection of Panama as that site of the inter-oceanic canal in preference to Nicaragua; but a Nicaraguan postage stamp was the deciding factor in favor of the Panama Canal. When the project of constructing a canal to join the Atlantic and the Pacific was discussed in the U.S.A. Congress in 1902, the general inclination, following the recommendation of the Isthmian Canal Commission, was to

build it across Nicaragua. The French government, however, had a favorable concession for the construction of a canal through Panama, though it had been forced to suspend operations because of financial difficulties, aggravated by a very high death rate owing to malaria and other tropical diseases. It was therefore anxious to sell the concession to the United States. To obstruct the Nicaraguan deal a staff of engineers came to Washington to argue their case before Congress. Among other arguments the French contended that the canal through Nicaragua was impracticable because it was a volcanic country and therefore subject to earthquakes, whilst Panama was free from such disturbances. Coincidentally the volcano Monotombo in Nicaragua began to erupt at the time. F. Salter, a native of Nicaragua, from whose manuscript we quote, relates that in the midst of a deadlock of the discussion, the head of the French mission, who happened to be a philatelist, came across a postage stamp with the reproduction of the volcano Momotombo which the government of Nicaragua had issued to advertise the beauties of the country. Quick to grasp the significance of the situation the Frenchman lost no time in visiting stamp dealers in Washington and purchased several hundred of those stamps depicting the volcano in action. Each senator and representative in Congress received one with a clipping of the report of the eruption and a letter stating that the stamp was an official verification of volcanic activity in Nicaragua. Here was an actual proof that could not be ignored. This won the Senate and soon afterwards it voted to purchase the French concession in Panama, the route of the present Isthmian waterway. Mr. Salter claims that the device was not fair since Momotombo is more than one hundred miles distant from the canal route as planned. He further states that a record carried on for a hundred and more years shows that earthquakes have occurred with less frequency in Nicaragua than in Panama or Costa Rica or Colombia over a corresponding period.

Medical work among Indians

For a number of years there have been missionaries on the Atlantic Coast of Nicaragua who, by a year's medical training at Livingstone College in London, England, were qualified to render simple medical services. Thus the writer, who attended to patients who had travelled a hundred miles and more in search for medical assistance, could claim to be the best physician in a vast district,

because he was the only one. The witch-doctors could not compete with him and their power and influence decreased steadily. Malarial fever, tuberculosis and hookworm are the most common ailments. A systematic treatment of the latter has saved the lives of many children, as the Indians gratefully acknowledge. In 1933, with the arrival of Dr. A. D. Thaeler Jr., M.D., a thorough medical work was established in Bilwaskarma on the Wangks River, a spot easy of access for thousands on the coast and for others from up and down the river and from the adjacent parts of Honduras. This place, formerly an insignificant Indian village, has become a great center of physical and spiritual healing, having a hospital with thirty beds, a church holding eight hundred people, a training school for native nurses, and a Bible School to educate native pastors who live in simple houses made of bamboo and thatch. Bilwaskarma has an airfield with a regular service of planes. The name Bilwaskarma—"Bilwas" means snake in Sumu, and "karma" channel in the Miskito language—is found in the time table of the Pan American Airways among the names of the world's largest cities, such as London, New York, Calcutta, Buenos Aires. A small post office is also under the management of the doctor.

Linguistic Work

The linguistic work of the Moravian Mission deserves special mention. The New Testament and parts of the Old Testament, a hymnbook with 346 hymns and a number of liturgies, at present in the seventh edition, a scholarly Miskito Grammar, published by Dr. G. R. Heath in 1925, a dictionary and other works have been compiled. Of this linguistic achievement Dr. Grubb writes: "This is probably the most complete religious literature created in any 'lowland' Indian tongue in Latin America."

Recognition by the Nicaraguan Government

The missionaries, after years of misunderstandings and misinterpretations on account of the antagonistic attitude of the Indians to the government, caused by the incorporation of the Atlantic Coast in the Republic of Nicaragua, have steadily gained the approval and the confidence of the Nicaraguan officials. General Anastacio Somoza, the President of the Republic with brief intermissions since 1936, during a steamer voyage from Puerto Cabezas to New Orleans, praised the work of the Moravian Mission in his country to the writer and his wife, who were

fellow-passengers. Two missionaries, who called on the Nicaraguan Consul in New Orleans for an entry permit to Nicaragua, when presenting the fee, were told that the Moravian Mission owed nothing to Nicaragua but that Nicaragua owed much to the Moravian Mission. Again, the confidence of the government towards the missionaries was unmistakably shown when the writer was asked to handle the funds for paving the first streets to be paved in the history of Bluefields. For two and a half years that missionary, then treasurer of the Moravian Mission, sat with the committee of prominent men, such as the son of the late President Zelaya and General Estrada who had ousted Zelaya and followed him as president in 1910.

Not long ago the NUEVA PRENSA, a daily newspaper in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua and a strong Roman Catholic area, paid an unusual tribute to the Moravian Mission in a striking article under the heading, "The Great Work of Civilization of the Moravian Mission in Nicaragua." The following are some quotations from this article: "Nobody can deny the great work of civilization which the Moravian Mission has accomplished in Nicaragua. Their labors are worthy of all praise. From the year 1849, when the first missionaries settled in this country, they have scattered the seed of civilization in all villages and towns of the Mosquito Coast, especially in the villages inhabited by Miskito and Sumu Indians. They have founded schools, opened dispensaries and, last but not least, they have erected a magnificent hospital which is a great boon to the population. For many years the missionaries at the cost of great self-denial and self-sacrifice have made noble, indeed heroic efforts to bring the blessings of civilization to the Nicaraguans of the coast. The inhabitants of this area are filled with gratitude to the Moravian missionaries who have brought them public schools and have lavished upon them medical care and instructed them in the fundamentals of Christian faith. All along the coast we find traces of their fruitful activity which meets with our entire approval, not only because it has assisted the work of the state authorities but also because it contributed to the moral and material development of these villages." After writing about the school work and the establishment of literature in Miskito, the article continues, "As a charitable work in the interest of the people's health the Moravian Mission has set up numerous dispensaries all along the coast and a few years

ago it opened a magnificent hospital at Bilwaskarma where many inhabitants of that area come to regain their health, sure of finding there the most careful attention. Bilwaskarma has become celebrated through its hospital, founded by Dr. A. D. Thaeler, a distinguished doctor highly esteemed in the capital of Nicaragua, where, during the stay of some months, he established his reputation both as physician and surgeon."

The Policy of the Mission

The need in mission work of today is for a more vigorous effort to place greater responsibility upon the shoulders of the indigent population and make the entire field progressively self-governing, self-supporting and self-expanding. This is fully recognized by all the missionaries, and the acceptance of this forward-looking policy was one of the most characteristic decisions at the last General Mission Conference, a conference which convenes in Bluefields every two or three years, and also of the Provincial Board, which directs the affairs of the work during the inter-conference period and which represents the board in the homeland.

Significant steps towards the establishment of a native church have been taken already. There was a time when it was deemed impossible for young people to free themselves of "the futile way of living in which they were brought up," when young men and women dared not speak to each other face to face in public for fear that the breath of slander might touch them, when the first signs of an awakening were not only discouraged by older Christians but also strongly opposed by natives and foreigners, who found themselves restricted in their licentious liberty. But now young men and women meet together, discuss religious problems and take part in prayer with ease. Young people's conferences attract hundreds of young people, though for some attending them means days of traveling in small canoes and exposure to rain and heat. From among these young people have come native workers who, after three years training in the Bible School in Bilwaskarma, are sent out as pastors and who still meet at a convenient station for three or four weeks each year for further training.

Over thirty Indians serve as native lay pastors. Every Indian village in the country has a building where the people meet for worship. Often these buildings also serve as schools. The natives

are responsible for their upkeep. Wherever a congregation has been organized a board of elders and a church and school committee, consisting of men and women, direct the affairs of the congregation, under the supervision of the resident or visiting missionary.

The most recent statistics, those for the year 1948, show a total of 16,562 souls under the care of the Moravian Mission, including 5,072 accredited communicants, and an enrollment of 6,653 in Sunday Schools and 1,550 in day schools.

[Read at the annual meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, in Nazareth, on October 13, 1949. Bro. Danneberger was a former Superintendent of the Nicaragua Mission.]

A Missionary Venture on the St. Clair

ELMA E. GRAY, London, Ont.

In fancy, let me take you far away from your rolling farmlands, your majestic hills and rocky streams to a place of great contrast—a flat, desolate area of marshy thickets stretching for miles along the low shores of northern waters.

There, where myriad swamp grasses grow strong and tall, where oak and aspen trees are thin and pulpy, and the only sounds that break the stillness are the raucous cries of the wild fowl that drift frequently on the water, we find a young man working alone in a clearing, beside a river matted with islands resembling the mainland.

The man is finishing his winter quarters, working awkwardly from inexperience and slowly because of illness, though the winds blowing across the prairies of marshland are cold and piercing, and time is important. The door and small-paned windows of the hut overlook the river, which flows quietly just two feet below the banks. The man has anchored his roof of bark with ridges of sponge-ash logs; has carefully plastered the outside chinked grooves of his fourteen foot logs with wood-ashes, using a shaven hickory broom because he had no brush. The chimney is now catted with clay. Inside, the cabin walls are padded with fresh loam, which is gradually dried, by the heat of the fireplace.

Nearby he has rolled up with difficulty a log stable to house his one twelve dollar cow, and a chicken-house has been built, high and secure, against foxes, wild-cats, badgers, weasels and mink. Occasionally a rattle snake slips through the weeds after field mice, while squirrels, hawks and owls occupy the shelter of the wooded thickets back of the clearing.

On the rare days when the sun warms the marshland and the waters ripple with reflected light the man takes great interest in the animals and birds, waves and winds that encompass his small tract. He recognizes fourteen different types of swans,

ducks, wild-geese, knowing those that are palatable and those that cannot be relished because of their oily fish taste. He counts the small "haystacks" in the reeds by the bank where the muskrats house themselves. He knows the water-plants, the rushes, the flowers, the trees, calling them by their botanical names. Because of the constant dampness he has been unable to burn and clear up the wet weeds and grasses that surround him.

When thick fog rolls in, enveloping the land, hiding him from our view, the man remains indoors working by candlelight, at a hand-hewn table, translating Bible passages and hymns into the Chippewa language.

The time is November 1802. The place is Point aux Chenes, St. Clair "Flats," near the present Algonac, Michigan. The young man is Christian Frederick Dencke, the Moravian missionary.

No friendly window-beacons brighten the darkness for him. His candlelight shines for others; his hearth fire warms the traveler who pauses at sight of the welcoming glow. For Dencke is here on a mission, an assignment, to tell the story of the Gospel to the wandering Chippewas whose trails cross the land and whose canoes ply the channels by his door. The wretched condition of these untidy, crafty children of the forest, who live in all the lusts and cruelties of superstitious heathensim, is well known to Dencke and all the Moravian missionaries who labored with the pagan tribes of Ohio, Michigan and Canada.

Attempts to interest the Chippewas in Christian principles have so far been unsuccessful. Because they were primarily hunters and fishermen with no permanent abodes, their nomadic habits made them shiftless, and in seasons of want and famine they begged their daily food from more prosperous tribes, becoming known as a nation of beggars.

The Moravians in Bethlehem, intending to create more effective mission work among the Indians inhabiting Upper Canada, designated Christian Frederick Dencke to the mission post at Fairfield on the Thames River, to attempt to evangelize the Chippewa nation who were the most numerous tribe in that region.

In the Spring of 1800 Dencke, then twenty-five, left Nazareth Hall, where he had been a scholar and teacher, to travel to Goshen on the Muskingum for three months study of the Delaware and Chippewa languages, under the direction of David

Zeisberger. Anxious to proclaim to others what the Lord had done for him and to perform any task if thereby souls could be won for Christ, Deneke became the first Protestant missionary to visit the villages and field-places of the Chippewas, whose lands stretched north of the flourishing Moravian town of Fairfield in Upper Canada.

From Fairfield, one year ago, (1801), Deneke had gone north nine miles to the Jonquakamik River, (now the Sydenham), where he met a few Chippewas, saw their bark covered houses without doors, floors, beds or chairs, tasted their dried, unsalted meat, and been served a deer head cooked with corn, its organs intact. With dismay he found that their bowls, kettles and spoons were washed only by the tongues of their wolf-type dogs. He noticed the Indians catching fleas and lice, putting them in their mouths, biting them and only spitting them out when they had a mouthful. Horrified he heard them say they sometimes ate their prisoners of war.

The heaps of decayed fish bones and offal beside their houses, together with the sturgeon oil with which they anointed their bodies, created such an unpleasant odor that only the strongest of Europeans could stand it. But to gain the natives' confidence the missionary must eat their food, if the Indian is eating when he arrives,—and the Chippewas will eat all day if they can find any food. Deneke had, in time, learned to accept otherwise loathsome food such as the flesh of dogs, muskrats, hawks and owls.

He had been told of their great heathen festivals where dogs, their favorite animals, were butchered, cooked and eaten, and the pagans danced for hours around posts whose tops had carved, wooden faces, painted red and turned toward sundown. Red stripes, resembling snakes, covered the lower fifteen feet of the totems. Thus they made themselves acceptable to their god. In the cemeteries, close to the village, he saw several tribal chieftains' graves covered with bark supported by posts, the gabled ends of the grave made of split boards in which a hole had been cut to let the spirit in or out. Fires burned brightly before some of the graves.

"The Prince of Darkness," Deneke wrote, ruled among the Chippewas without restraint and "it is much to be desired," he continued, "that our Saviour might soon have mercy on them . . . for their souls are precious in His sight."

Nangi, the head chief, after some months, guaranteed the missionary a piece of ground for a mission but failed to say where it was to be located. So, in the Spring of 1802, Dencke traveled to see Nangi, who was said to be camping on Point aux Chenes, where River St. Clair opens into Lake St. Clair. Not only did the Chippewa chieftain give Dencke permission to build his mission on the Point, ratifying the agreement by a double string of wampum, but went so far as to give orders that no liquor should be sold on mission lands.

Happy, and assured of help, Dencke felled the trees and planted garden seeds, only to be told that it had been decided among the Indians to move the mission to an island offshore, where 110 acres of tillable farm land lay beside a larger area of swamp. This was the northern section of Harsens Island (now known as Russell Island), and was divided in those years by a marsh, and in more recent years by a channel, making a complete separation between Harsens and Russell Islands. As Nangi sealed this bargain with four strings of wampum, given after an eloquent speech, Dencke dedicated this new location to the service of the Lord and made preparations to clear an area for a mission house.

Brother John Schnall, from Fairfield, arrived in August to see how the work progressed and shared Dencke's accommodation at the widow Harsen's crowded island home. While preparing beds on the floor a spark from a lamp fell into a keg of gunpowder and the resultant explosion and fire injured all the occupants of the house. Mrs. Harsen's son and married daughter died of their burns a few days later.

Schnall was so seriously burned that slight hope was held for his recovery. Dencke, though in pain from severe facial burns, had to comfort the injured, bury the dead and nurse his fellow missionary through a raging fever, employing all the remedies he knew and some the Indians suggested. With the help of Dr. William Brown of Detroit and Bro. Sebastian Oppelt and four Indians from Fairfield, they managed to get John Schnall back to the mission on the Thames where he eventually recovered.

In September Dencke returned to his little island when a Chippewa came to escort him across country via the Jonquakamik River route, but the Indian was ill with fever, which forced Dencke to carry the Indian's baggage as well as his own.

The country, normally swampy and filled with water, was now so dry that holes had to be dug to obtain drinking water. A few drops of "Spiritus Vitrioli," always carried by Deneke for such an emergency, made the reedy tasting water drinkable.

His forty-five mile trip was full of adventure and discomfort. The dry season had lowered the river so far that canoes could not travel safely through the many rapids. Forced to haul the bundles almost six miles farther than was anticipated the two arrived at the foot of the rapids to find only an old and leaky canoe which had to be calked with the chewed resinous bark of slippery elm before they could proceed. They were joined here by an Indian youth who was on his way to a pagan festival on Lake St. Clair. The three paddled silently and without stirring for several hours, only pausing when a bear with her two cubs was sighted on the shore at dusk. Leaving the canoe the Indians fired at the bears, missing them and frightening the cubs into the woods, while the angry mother, turning on the hunters, drove them back to the water's edge, where they took refuge in some overhanging trees. From there Deneke rescued them and the journey continued. Toward midnight, when he could sit still no longer, Deneke urged that camp be made, but there was to be no sleep that night for the missionary. The insects, and the antics of his two companions, filled the night with torment and a "raging howling," as the Indians, one a trained juggler, the other a novice in magic, contrived to communicate with the spirit world. The art of miracle-making, commented Deneke in his journal, had been in vain when the magicians had met the mother bear.

When deep, open water was reached the following morning and the wind seemed favorable, a sail was attached to the tottering canoe, filling Deneke with secret alarm, as twice the boat almost capsized, much to the Indians' amusement. "But for me it was not so funny," Deneke stated, "since I could not swim."

Arrived at Harsen's Island they found the white settlers and the Indians ill with fever, due, some said, to the presence of the white teacher. Nangi refuted their charges when he learned that the story had been started by the French, by reminding the Indians that the white people were more often sick than they were and the teacher was not with them. When Deneke learned that a prior right to the island property was claimed by white settlers he decided to winter on the original location on Point

aux Chenes where his vegetables had ripened and his lumber was piled.

Here we found him making his house secure against the sub-arctic blasts that would tear down old trees and get him out in the dead of a winter's night to climb to the roof to repair a hole, so that the entire covering of the hut would not be swept away by the wind.

Though many wayfarers passed his cabin on the busy water highway that carried all traffic to Detroit and Lake Erie, only a few lingered to hear the Gospel message. He was greatly encouraged when an old Indian woman paused long enough to tell him: "This is not only thy house, but it is also mine. I shall come to church. But it is too small for all the Indians who will come."

For days at a time, however, his only companion remained a little dog that warned him when wolves and foxes prowled in the night. The Chippewas who moored their canoes to the bank were more hungry for food than for the Word of God. Dencke's small crop of potatoes and tobacco did not last long. His corn had been a failure, and he did not bake his own bread. Mrs. Harsen baked his loaves for him in the ashes of her fire and sent them with her grandchildren, who came to him for lessons, while the weather was moderate. When storms prevented travel he went without bread, as did the disappointed Chippewas, who were notoriously fond of baker's loaves.

Supplies and flour he replenished at Captain Alexander Harrow's "horse-mill" up river, though Dencke complained that the flour was much more expensive, (\$3 per cwt.), and was bad in comparison with that grown at Fairfield.

From the surrounding, teeming waters the settlers and Indians drew fish, soldiers from Detroit catching four thousand whiting in the river in one dip of the nets. Muskrats were eaten when other meat was scarce, though Dencke preferred those that were fat; one generous Indian hunter brought him a quarter of a stag that he had stalked all day before its capture.

Though the Chippewas were seemingly interested by Dencke's Bible stories and songs, as they smoked their after-dinner pipes with the missionary, they listened as eagerly to their own sorcerers and medicine men once they were out of his sight. They managed to acquire vast quantities of rum from the traders, in

spite of the Government and Nangi, so Dencke was forced to limit his hospitality to those who remained sober.

It was not until February, 1803, that this lonely missionary, who had given up many comforts to dwell with and serve his brown brothers, saw the first evidence of fruitful seed, when a strange Indian returned to the cabin to say that since he had heard the Great Words he had had little sleep during the night and wished to hear more. As the night was the Indians' most important time for thinking, Dencke knew that at last he had made an impression. David Zeisberger's wise words came back to him then — "when the Indians begin to think about it, the Saviour has already gained ground."

Visitors arrived daily at this season, traders and settlers, Indians and French, and to each Dencke spoke of Christ's love and pardon. One Indian trapper from northern Saginaw was so interested to hear again of the Great Spirit who lives above, that he promised to return, but not before his annual trip the following year.

Captain Harrow came by sleigh, in February, to take Dencke as far as the Thames River for a short visit to Fairfield but found him severely ill with colic, soon cured by earnest prayer, a strong dose of rhubarb and a warm bed. So hungry for news and companionship was Dencke that he started out on foot for the Thames when the ice proved too soft for the sleigh. He had great difficulty in keeping his footing as his shoes slipped over the smooth river ice, so to shorten his trip he cut across country to the Dolson farm on the Thames, but missed it by about five miles and arrived, completely exhausted, in the night. The next day he continued by horseback to Fairfield, his total trip of over fifty miles accomplished in less than two days, in spite of his recent illness. "The joy for me, my white and brown brethren and sisters was great," he wrote simply of the reunion, but after a three months absence his stay was brief, for three days later he started back to Point aux Chenes.

He bought skates at Dolson's trading store and, aching in every muscle, skated thirty pathless miles over the smooth stretches of the lake, reaching his cabin home in seven hours.

A few Indians came to call, among them Nangi, who said his people were becoming hostile towards him as they blamed him for the Government's action in prohibiting liquor sales to the Indians. Because of the decreased trade the price of corn brandy

had fallen to six shillings and six pence (roughly \$1.50) a gallon, and the white residents, especially the French, taking advantage of the low prices, were consequently more often drunk than sober.

Now the weather became mild, the river opened in the centre, and the northern lakes began to empty their ice burdens along the river banks with terrific noise. Warned that once the channels became blocked and the flats inundated, travel would be impossible for months, Dencke decided to return to Fairfield while he could cross the frozen marshland. His valuables he carried to Mrs. Harsen for safekeeping.

Though he had hoped to go overland to revisit the Chippewa villages along the Jonquakamik he was told that liquor had recently been distributed among them, so he chose, rather, to take the longer water route which proved to be the most arduous and perilous trip he had so far undertaken. He made his way as fast as he was able over ice too slippery for shoes, too rough for skates, detouring round open water, zig-zagging first toward the land then to the lake. In places he walked knee-deep in water that covered the ice, in others the thin crust curved under his weight. Near the Thames the fog rolled over him and he went ahead, blindly trusting to luck, but fell over a rough spot and injured his right leg. So limping, sliding and stumbling, staying overnight at the Dolson farms, he finally reached Fairfield on the third day after a journey of over sixty miles.

Though he did not know it this was to be the last trip Bro. Dencke made to Point aux Chenes as the authorities at Bethlehem, in view of the Chippewa's disinterest and their growing hostility, decided to abandon the northern mission project in favor of one closer to Fairfield. So we leave Dencke, on the eve of his marriage in 1803 and the subsequent Chippewa Mission that he and his wife undertook during the following years.

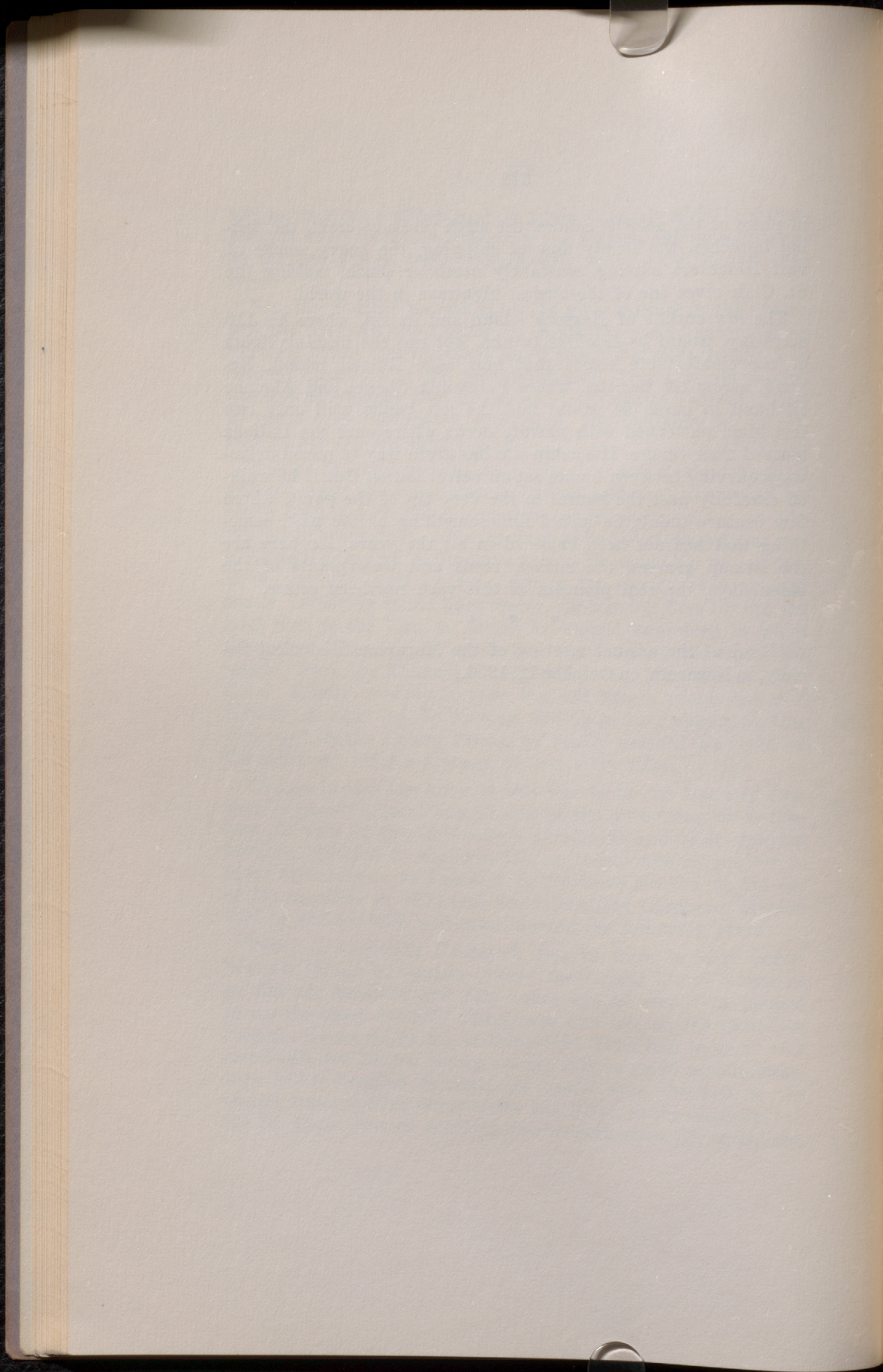
Today if Christian Frederick Dencke were to walk across Walpole Island in Canada toward the United States border as he did one hundred and fifty years ago he would be pleased to see the many friendly Chippewas who live on the Canadian reserve. He might be led to think that Time had in some way stood still, for the log houses are set only in small remote clearings before tangled thickets. He would hear the bell in the church tower ringing out over the Big River, as the residents call the St. Clair. But on reaching the western shore he would see,

in place of the ancient canoes, the sleek pleasure craft, the fishing launches, the steady flow of shipping, the heavy smoke of vast freighters moving constantly north or south, making the St. Clair river one of the busiest highways in the world.

The low outline of Harsens Island and its tip, where his 110 acres lay, would be familiar to him, but not the flashing lights or the comfortable homes that now edge Russell Island. Beyond, across the horizon, where Point aux Chenes and Algonac sit hand in hand, he would find the low banks, still only two feet high, patterned with private docks where once the Indians moored their canoes. His cabin-site has given way to paved driveways curving between homes set on velvet lawns. But if he walked carefully past the houses to the very tip of the point, where few venture today, he would find something of the past, something that has not been changed in all the years, for here are the swamp grasses, the rushes, reeds and waterplants of the olden days, the real pioneers of this vast, northern estate.

* * *

[Read at the annual meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, in Nazareth, on October 12, 1950.]



Pioneering in Western Canada

NOTE BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

The writer of the following account has requested that certain facts be noted. These facts are the description of the pioneer activity in Canada. These can best be stated in his own words. The story of the beginnings of our work in Western Canada was written primarily for my children (Lynn and John) who were born in the last days of the nineteenth century. The work was done mostly after my retirement during the years 1918, 1919 and 1920. It is prepared for the record as a memorial to my personal work and desire as well as other sources of authentic information. In the preparation of my children some of the details are somewhat published by the Historical Association. The manuscript was prepared for the printer by the members of the Historical Association. I regret, however, that the effort they devoted to this project and their interest in making such a faithful record of the early settlement of the country.

—CLYDE—
Attention is also called to the fact that this book is the work of the Historical Association. The work was done in 1918, 1919 and 1920. It is prepared for the record as a memorial to my personal work and desire as well as other sources of authentic information. In the preparation of my children some of the details are somewhat published by the Historical Association. The manuscript was prepared for the printer by the members of the Historical Association. I regret, however, that the effort they devoted to this project and their interest in making such a faithful record of the early settlement of the country.

October 1, 1921
The Historical Association
The Historical Association
The Historical Association

NOTE BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

The writer of the following account has requested that certain facts be noted by those who read his description of Moravian activity in Canada. These can best be stated in his own words:

"The story of the beginnings of our work in Western Canada was written primarily for my children, Cyril and Mabel, who each own the four volumes of my original writings. The work was done mostly after my retirement during the years 1948, 1949, and 1950. In preparing this account ample use was made of my personal notes and diaries as well as other sources of authentic information. By the permission of my children some of these stories are herewith published by the Moravian Historical Society. The manuscript was prepared for the printer by the members of the Publication Committee. I greatly appreciate all the effort they devoted to this project and thank them sincerely for making such a faithful transcript and effective arrangement of the material furnished to them.

—C.H."

Attention is also called to three corrections of data found on page 432. Brother and Sister William Scheel began their service in Canada in 1920. Brother and Sister Theodore Weingarth began their service in Canada in 1911, their first charge being Calgary. They also served Edmonton briefly before assuming the pastorate of New Sarepta. Brother James Weingarth did not officially serve the Church as an assistant pastor in Canada.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
October 4, 1951
The Publication Committee

Pioneering in Western Canada

or

Sowing and Reaping

in

A Moravian Home Mission Field

BY CLEMENT HOYLER, D.D., Ep.Fr.

CONTENTS

	Page
Introduction.....	352
Chapter I. Severing Old Home Ties.....	359
Chapter II. National and Ancestral Background.....	361
Chapter III. Setting Out for New Homes.....	363
Chapter IV. Trials and Hardships of the Journey.....	373
Chapter V. Seeking and Selecting Land.....	380
Chapter VI. Hard Beginnings	386
Chapter VII. Housekeeping Problems	392
Chapter VIII. Efforts at Making a Livelihood.....	394
Chapter IX. Tragedy and Comedy of Travel.....	402
Chapter X. Disappointments and Discouragements	408
Chapter XI. Sunshine After Shadow.....	412
Chapter XII. Spiritual Harvests	415
Chapter XIII. Enlarging the Field.....	427
Chapter XIV. Did it Pay?.....	432

A Brief Introduction to the History of the Moravian Church in Western Canada

NOTE: This story of the Moravian Church in the Canadian West will be confined mostly to its antecedents in Russia, although some of the early settlers who identified themselves with this Church in Western Canada came from Germany, Brazil, the Western States or elsewhere. They were mostly German-speaking people. In compiling the following data use has been made of "Bruederfeld and Bruederheim" (Leibert), "History of the Moravian Church" (Hamilton), "Wolhynien" (Rink), "The Story of Calgary" (Suemper), "Letter" (Mueller).

—C. H.

The original emigration into Russia of German-speaking Moravian or Moravian-minded people apparently dates back to the latter half of the eighteenth century; that is, to about the time of Catherine II of Russia. She was an erstwhile German princess, but later became a powerful Russian empress who ruled over the land from 1762 to the year of her death, 1796. In her younger years, before she cast in her lot with the land of her adoption, she must have been acquainted with the Moravian Brethren.

Evidently she thought well of the "Bruedergemeine," as the Moravian Church is called in Germany, and considered that its members would make good colonists in Russia, contributing to the industrial and civilizing influence of her somewhat backward native populations. It was during her reign, too, that the Holy Synod of Russia "recognized the Unitas Fratrum as an ancient and legitimate Church, possessed of regulations and a discipline after the pattern of pristine Christianity."

In the year 1765 she allowed the Moravian Brethren to establish a colony at the confluence of the River Sarpa with the mighty Volga. The colony was called "Sarepta." Eight thousand acres of land on the west shore, and an additional one thousand acres on an adjoining island, were deeded to the Moravian Church. Sundry concessions were granted to the members, including freedom from military service and the taking of oaths, except that of fealty to the Russian crown.

The colony thrived for a number of years and various industries were established. In 1823 a disastrous fire swept through the town, demolishing thirty-seven buildings—dwellings, stores and factories. A worse calamity was visited on the place, when

new ecclesiastical restrictions were promulgated throughout the land. Little by little the concessions once granted to the Moravians were withdrawn, and in 1892 the Russian government practically confiscated the property of the Moravian Church. In that year the last Moravian minister was recalled from the colony, and Sarepta ceased to exist as a Moravian enterprise.

During the First World War some of the Germans from Russian Poland and Russia proper were banished to Sarepta and vicinity. One family, now married into the Moravian Church in Western Canada, eventually found their way into Alberta and are now a part of the Canadian District. By that time old Sarepta of Russian days had ceased to exist, and although the name was revived in the New World and one of the congregations in Alberta, founded in 1905, was called "New Sarepta," it must not be supposed that any of the former residents of Sarepta on the Volga helped to establish the Canadian District. During the Second World War Stalingrad (formerly called Tsaritsyn) was assailed by the Germans but did not fall. It was situated only about fifteen miles north of Sarepta, which is now generally called Krasnoparmisk. No doubt Sarepta or Krasnoparmisk was drawn to some extent into the conflict that raged around Stalingrad for months.

It will be seen from the foregoing that, originally, the emigration of Germans to Sarepta, Russia, did not directly affect the founding of the Canadian District. It is mentioned here only as a background to another movement of Germans into Russia, a migration of apparently Moravian-minded people from southern Germany to a part of the Volga basin many miles upstream from Sarepta. This second emigration supplied the first settlers who left the Volga and entered the United States and thence passed into Canada. Toward the end of the nineteenth century the tide flowed directly from the Volga basin to Western Canada without touching the United States.

These Germans had nothing to do directly with those that settled at Sarepta, and knew of them, if at all, only by vague hearsay. They came either from South Germany, for they speak a kind of Swabian dialect, or else they came from Saxony, for the native population, if they want to give them a nickname, call them Saxoni. They came mostly from Jagoda-Polanya, some from west of the Volga, others from east of the river.

That they were Moravian-minded, to say the least, is evidenced

by a number of facts to which the Rev. Emil Suemper, first Moravian minister at Calgary, draws attention. He says that many of the familiar family names, heard among Moravians in Germany, live on in Canada. He especially points out that the hymnal in use among them on the Volga was very largely made up of hymns with the subscription "Aus dem Gesangbuch der Bruedergemeine." He reminds us that the litany of the Moravians is printed in its entirety in their hymnal. He claims that they sing the tunes largely after the Moravian, rather than the Lutheran manner. Brother Suemper even thinks that the minister of the chief church in Jagoda-Polanya may have been a Moravian, but there is no corroboration of that fact from Herrnhut.

We now have a number of congregations in southern Alberta among the people who came from the Volga, but were not in connection with Herrnhut like those of Sarepta had been.

Directly associated with Herrnhut was an effort to do something for the people about a day's journey below Sarepta, who had located on the steppes about the year 1879, coming from Saratov and settling on the estate of the widow of a Russian general. She heard about the Moravians at Sarepta and invited them to her estate. The Herrnhut authorities commissioned the Rev. Bernhard Fliegel, then minister at Sarepta, to visit this place. He ultimately founded a colony there and organized a congregation of ninety communicants, calling it Gnadenhal. But it could not receive government recognition, and the enterprise was abandoned even before Sarepta was given up. This enterprise had no bearing on the Canadian District either, and is mentioned here only for completeness' sake.

We now come to an undertaking which was a direct forerunner of the work in the Canadian West. It will be mentioned here at some length. Originally and specifically it started in the dim past in Polish Russia. It eventually spread to the neighboring government of Volhynia in Russia proper, in what is now part of Ukraina. The Moravian part of the work came under the auspices of the Herrnhut *diaspora*.

According to the Rev. M. W. Leibert the stream of German emigration from the Fatherland began to flow into Russian Poland before the year 1800. In 1815, and after, many of these people, through the faithful work of Moravian *diaspora* representatives, made deep religious experiences, which resulted in a revival that spread into adjacent parts of Volhynia. This word, Volhynia,

by the way, indicates the fertility of the soil and the prosperity of its people. In this case the name was prophetic of the Gospel falling on fruitful ground.

At the time of which we write the land was largely wooded, and was worked to only a small extent by the Russian serfs. After the abolition of the feudal system in 1863 the vast estates of the large land holders in Russia remained without tenants. It was then that the immigration of German farmers was doubly encouraged.

At first the land was to be leased to them for twelve years, but promises were given to them that at the end of the twelve years they would get title to their land. Many villages sprang up in the forests, the land was cleared and many parts were almost exclusively German.

The government did not keep its word to the German settlers. After the expiration of the twelve-year lease, no titles were forthcoming, but the government kept right on giving promises, until it became plain that adherence to the Greek Orthodox Church was one of the conditions to be met ere settlers could secure any deeds.

Meanwhile several *diaspora* centers had been established in Poland, notably in Lodz, Lwow (Leonberg) and Fabianica. Some of the Polish workers occasionally visited in Volhynia, men like the Brethren Lange, Hessemer and Steinberg. Two Moravian congregations were organized in Volhynia in 1894, Kremenka and Schadura.

Schadura was a German colony, situated about thirty-five miles from Shitomir, the capital of Volhynia. The latter had a population in 1894 of about sixty thousand, many of them of the Jewish faith. The rest of them belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church or were Roman Catholic and Evangelicals. Many of the German people did business in Shitomir, though there was a Jewish town, called Goroschek, only about six miles from Schadura.

Schadura was located on an old Russian estate, which was being broken up. Much of the land was in possession of a certain Josef Mahr, who does not appear to have had a clear title to his holdings and, therefore, was not able to give title to those that bought land from him. He spent much of his time in Shitomir, evidently trying to straighten out this difficulty.

Among the settlers of Schadura were about a dozen families from northern Bohemia. They were mostly Roman Catholic by faith, and were not farmers but industrialists. As their own

church was pretty far away, they attended the Moravian services. Under the blessing of God some of them were converted, but they were not permitted to join the Brethren's Church at Schadura. Many of the other settlers were farmers, but some of them were quite poor.

There were other German colonies in that part of Volhynia, in some of which it became customary to hold mission festivals in support of Moravian missions and to celebrate the Married People's Festival (Ehechorfest), the latter usually with a Moravian Love Feast. Centers of Moravian-minded people were created in many parts of Volhynia. One of these colonies was Federoffka, not far from Schadura. Some of these people had formerly lived in Poland and had there come under the influence of the Moravian *diaspora*. Brother Steinberg occasionally came to Federoffka and other places and visited the awakened persons in these colonies. Eventually the Rev. Wilhelm Lange was stationed in that part of Volhynia and endeavored to put the work of the Brethren on a more permanent basis. Brother Lange was a fine type of man, with a very good education. At Schadura he conducted regular services on Sunday and held prayer meetings and song services there and elsewhere on week nights.

In the long run, neither Kremenka nor Schadura could get official recognition, as the Lutheran pastors, who were recognized by the State but had as many as forty thousand souls and more under their care, opposed such a step. When it became evident that the Moravians could not establish independent churches in Russia, their leaders began to cast around in other lands, where there were no government or ecclesiastical restrictions. Those in Schadura were attracted to South America. Under their minister, Brother Lange, they settled in Brazil and founded a colony, which they called "Bruederthal," in the state of Santa Catharina. The climate, though considerably warmer than that of Volhynia, was fairly pleasant, but coffee culture on the mountains was a new and somewhat doubtful venture for the Volhynians. After a few years their settlement broke up, their minister entered the service of the Lutheran Church, and several substantial families joined their brethren in Alberta and helped to form the Canadian District.

Quite independent of the migration from Russia to Brazil was the movement from the land of the czars to the Dominion of Canada, unless it was to convince the leaders of the latter that a

migration of German colonists from Russia to Brazil was not the best solution for the experiences made in Russia. This new movement from Volhynia to Alberta set in in the spring of 1894. It was under the leadership of Andreas Lilge, who had been in the United States once before, namely in the early eighties of the nineteenth century. It was really in the late summer of 1893 that the family of Andreas Lilge and two other families left Volhynia with the view of ultimately making their home in Canada. They arrived in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, just when the Provincial Synod of 1893 was convened there, and were given temporary asylum in Bethany, Minnesota. From here their leader carried on negotiations with the Canadian Land Department at Ottawa, with the result of a block of land being reserved for him and his people some eighteen miles to the northeast from Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta.

The Moravians from Russia, seeking religious liberty in a land where there is no State Church, where the government granted full liberty of conscience to all creeds, and where Moravians could freely found churches of their own, came to Canada in several parties in the spring and summer of 1894. They numbered over 225 souls, including the three families that had temporarily lived in Minnesota. They all came from Volhynia, but some of them had been born in Russian Poland. Eventually some came from Poland direct. They all had had some connection with the Moravian *diaspora* in the old country.

Coming to Alberta, the party divided. They did not all like the land reserved for them to the eastward of Fort Saskatchewan. Some preferred to buy their land from the Indian Department of Ottawa and moved on to farms on Papaschase Reserve near Edmonton, which had been opened for settlers a short time before and had railway facilities since 1893. The rest took up free homesteads east and northeast of Fort Saskatchewan, which did not get its first railway until about eleven years later, namely in 1905. These called their settlement Bruederheim and were organized by authority of Provincial Elders' Conference as the first Moravian congregation in Western Canada on May 6, 1895. Those near Edmonton called their community Bruederfeld and were organized as a congregation on June 27, 1895. Both organizations were effected by Andreas Lilge.

Early that year Lilge wrote to the Rev. K. A. Mueller, then minister at Mamre, Wisconsin, about the hopes and aspirations of the Moravians in Alberta. The latter forwarded the letter to

Bethlehem. The upshot of the matter was that Provincial Elders' Conference sent one of their number, the Rev. M. W. Leibert, to Alberta late in 1895 to investigate the possibilities in Alberta.

When once formally launched by official action of the Provincial Elders' Conference the task of promoting and prosecuting the enterprise devolved upon the home missionaries who were appointed to the new field. The first was called in December, 1895, in the person of the Rev. Clement Hoyler, at that time serving his first charge in Elizabeth, N. J. Andreas Lilge was appointed "pastor's assistant" and was received as an acolyte, being licensed to preach. In the spring or early summer of 1896 the Rev. Wm. N. Schwarze, a recent graduate of the Moravian Theological Seminary, was called as "assistant pastor." He took up his work in August, 1896, and lived in the parsonage at Bruederfeld for about two years.

Subsequently the various home missionaries who were called into the field, including such Brethren as W. C. Schattschneider, E. Suemper, G. Henkelmann, C. A. Albrecht, A. Schultz and a long line of others down to the present time, made each his contribution to the promotion of the cause in accordance with God's plan and program for the Christian Church; some planted, others watered, but God alone gave the increase. 1 Corinthians 3:6

It is not the intention of the writer of these reminiscences to compose a history of Moravian Home Missions in Western Canada, or even to give a comprehensive account of the work in the individual congregations during pioneer days, but rather to record his personal experiences in the early years. Most of the things herein related are found nowhere else and would be lost forever except for the record herewith composed.

The material was gathered from many sources, including the verbal accounts of some of the early pioneers, whose stories, unless preserved in written form, might be forgotten by later generations. In addition to them, the sketches contained in this work portray largely my own experiences and recollections during the early years of my service in Western Canada, which covered altogether about thirty years. I have drawn largely upon my private diary and to some extent upon the records of the congregations whose books I kept in compliance with synodical regulations. To a lesser degree I have used stories and incidents related to me by my colleagues in the Canadian ministry. To them I express my gratitude at this time.

I also want to record here my gratitude to God for leading me into the Canadian West early in my ministry and permitting me to grow up with that country in the formative period of its history. I also gratefully record God's goodness in preserving me from many dangers and for granting me an almost perfect record of health throughout my ministry in Canada and afterward.

Northfield, Minnesota

CLEMENT HOYLER
Summer of 1949

CHAPTER I.

Severing Old Home Ties

Our first Canadian Moravians arrived in Alberta in the spring of 1894. Practically all of them came from Volhynia, though some had been born in Poland. Three families had come over from the old country the year before, but had temporarily located in Bethany, Winona County, Minnesota, prior to their finally settling in Canada. By the time Bruederheim and Bruederfeld were organized, their numbers reached a total of 228 souls. Some of the later arrivals came directly from Poland, and a few even from Brazil, whither they had first emigrated from Volhynia under the leadership of the Rev. Wm. Lange in 1885. Their colony, located near Joinville, in the Province of Santa Catharina, was called Bruederthal. It was not a success.

About the turn of the century an entirely different stream of immigration set in from the Volga River in Russia. These people also had come under Moravian influence a century or more ago, as evidenced by the hymnal in use among them. Many of the hymns bore the acknowledgment "Aus dem Gesangbuch der Bruedergemeinde," and even the Moravian Church Litany was embodied in it.

After a while immigrants arrived from Germany, from Holland, from the Western States and new contingents from Poland and Volhynia.

The question naturally arises: "Why did all these folk leave their several homelands, especially those from Russia?" Russia, from all accounts, had good productive soil, an agreeable climate, a brisk trade and fair prospects for material advancement. Why, then, did the people want to leave Russia and undertake a long and tedious journey by land and sea almost one-third of the way around the globe?

Several factors entered into the question. For one thing, the political and religious conditions in Russia were far from satisfactory. Our people really did not enjoy religious liberty. They were not always permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. This was especially true of Volhynia. They could not organize full-fledged Moravian congregations. Moravian ministers were not allowed to perform marriages or dispense the sacraments.

Politically and economically our people were discriminated against. They could not hold office in the State. As a rule, they were not even allowed to hold title to their land unless they embraced the Greek Orthodox faith, which of course they would not do. Even the young men who had served in the Russian army could not acquire farms in their own right. At best, they could become tenants. So they longed to get to a land where they would be free from czarist tyranny. Such a land of liberty they found in Canada under the British flag.

In the case of the Moravian settlers who came from the Western States, the motive was largely their desire to provide more land for their children. They needed more room. They could sell their land in the United States at a high figure and with the proceeds acquire vastly more acreage of choice Canadian farmland for a mere trifle.

A vital factor in promoting immigration into Canada was the attractive colonization literature distributed by the Canadian Government throughout the Old World and the New. Prospects in the Canadian West were set forth most attractively and induced thousands of people to make the venture by transferring their abode to the land that was extending such a cordial welcome to the downtrodden and handicapped.

It was not easy to pull up stakes and to sever old ties. The move, in the case of our Volhynians, involved serious monetary and material losses. They could sell only their movable inventory. The land did not belong to them. They could dispose only of the horses and stock, farm implements and household effects, and such personal belongings as they could not carry with them. Naturally, they did not receive full value for their possessions. To make matters worse, if they had cash money, they found that the Russian ruble was worth only a little more than half the Canadian dollar, though in Russia the ruble had practically the same purchasing power as the Canadian dollar. In consequence

of this, most of the people had very little cash in their pockets when they arrived in Alberta. The Canadian Government used to pay a bonus of ten dollars per head for every immigrant that came into the country, but by the time the Volhynian immigration got under way this practice had been discontinued. Some of our people were truly impoverished when they arrived. Some even had to borrow money from friends in order to pay passage for themselves and their large families.

Nor did the Russian Government like to see any of its subjects leave their country and transfer their allegiance to another land. Russia was anxious to colonize her own vast fertile areas in certain parts of Siberia and elsewhere. Consequently her officials made it as difficult as possible for those intending to emigrate. They made it hard for them to obtain their passports. They exacted bribes wherever it could be done safely. They kept the people waiting and subjected them to personal inconveniences.

Perhaps the hardest thing to face was the separation, perhaps for life, of friends and loved ones. In many cases, married children, brothers and sisters, were left behind never to be met again on earth. As it turned out, many of those who remained behind were later subjected to the most terrible hardships, when the world war broke out in 1914 and the German colonists were caught between the two contending armies. Families were torn apart, some members being removed to one part of the interior of Russia, while others were sent to other places. Some were banished to Siberia; others were transported to the Volga. The aftermath of the war brought still greater sufferings under the Soviet regime. Years later a few folk found their way from the Volga region to Bruederfeld, but on the whole emigration from Volhynia and Poland received a setback as a result of the war that broke out in 1914.

CHAPTER II.

National and Ancestral Background

Under this caption we will list the various elements that constituted the membership of the Canadian District, at least those of them whose mother-tongue was German. Interesting dialects were spoken by them, giving a clue to the portion of the German fatherland from which their ancestors originally must have sprung.

1. Most of the original "Volhynians" who settled in Bruederheim and Bruederfeld were born in Russia proper, in what came to be known as the Ukraine. Some of the older ones, however, had been born in Russian Poland, where German colonization appears to have started. After a generation or more some of the German colonists in Poland moved again, into Volhynia; a few later migrated again into Roumania. Most of these people spoke a Low German dialect or dialects. Their ancestors evidently came from North Germany, the hearth of various "Plattdeutsch" dialects. The emigration from North Germany to Poland must have antedated 1862 when the Russian feudal system was abolished. It was the liberation of the serfs in the said year, however, that encouraged the influx of German settlers into the land of the czars, for after the serfs were liberated they no longer cared to work for the landlords even under more favorable conditions. The landlords, therefore, induced German colonists to come into the country and offered them an opportunity to occupy their estates as tenants.

That the Moravian *diaspora* people who came to Canada from Poland and Volhynia had descended originally from North Germany is evidenced not only by their "Plattdeutsch" speech, but also from the fact that their language contained certain Scandinavian elements. The Scandinavian countries lie nearest to North Germany and would, therefore, be most likely to influence the people of North Germany.

2. Quite distinct from the Low German or "Plattdeutsch" was the Swabian dialect used by a few of the families that came from Volhynia. Swabian is spoken in Wuerttemberg in South Germany. In Alberta the following families or individuals in Bruederfeld used the Swabian dialect more or less pronouncedly: Andreas Stolz, Nicolaus Paul and his two sons, Christian and August, and several married daughters of Nicolaus, also the three Seutter brothers, Jacob, Erdman and Christian, and to a lesser degree one or two others. The choicest and richest Swabian was spoken by Andreas Stolz.

3. The people who came from the German colonies along the Volga and united with our Church in Canada because of certain Moravian influences going back many years spoke a German dialect all their own and betrayed still another geographical origin. Their language had certain affinities to the Swabian form of speech, but in many respects it differed from the true Wuerttem-

berg dialect. Bishop Hamilton in his *History of the Renewed Moravian Church* (pp. 512, 513) refers both to Volhynia and the Volga region as fields of *diaspora* work and incidentally speaks of the Volga Swabian-German colonists. The Rev. E. Suemper, who served among the Calgary people from the Saratov region, came to the conclusion that the Volga Moravian-minded Germans came originally from Saxony. He found a number of old Herrnhut family names among his members. One of the Calgary sisters once thought she detected a trace of Swabian dialect in my speech, when she said to me: "Du sprichst grad so wie mir."

4. In Saskatchewan I worked among German-speaking people who came from various parts of North America. At Dundurn and Pleasant Point the Moravians spoke "Amerikanisch-Deutsch," with the typical admixture of English words and phrases. Near Haultain I occasionally conducted services among some Ontario people, who spoke a rich Pennsylvania-Dutch, as genuine as that in Allentown. My work among the early settlers of Western Canada was not confined to Germans from various parts of the Old and New World, but also embraced Norwegians and English-speaking people of many kinds. Just to show how inclusive our labors were so far as the racial and national background was concerned, I might mention how in Dundurn a little neighboring boy, whose father was a dyed-in-the-wool Englishman and belonged to the Anglican Church, once said to me over the back fence near his home: "Your church is no good." "Well, why not?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "all kinds of Germans, Swedes and Scotchmen go to it." No finer compliment could have been paid to us or to any church. Even in heaven there will be all kinds of Germans, Swedes, Scotchmen and many of other tribes and kindreds.

CHAPTER III.

Setting Out for New Homes

Most of our people who came from Volhynia and Poland traveled by way of Libau, Hull, Liverpool, Halifax, Winnipeg and Calgary. Their destination was Edmonton or, rather, South Edmonton, then the northernmost station on the Calgary and Edmonton branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This line was completed only in 1893 and ran only one or two freight trains per week at that time, with a single passenger coach attached.

The journey to Libau, a seaport on the Baltic in the Province of Lithuania, had partly to be negotiated by wagon. For most of them the nearest railroad station was about 125 miles away. The trip meant many hardships, especially in bad weather and when the roads were poor. One family, that of Heinrich Schultz, later of Bruederheim, had to drive for three days and nights until they reached their railroad station. They made the trip mostly in a drenching rain, which soaked them through and through, so that even their paper money was saturated. Some had to walk, often wading through water that came over their boot-tops. In Libau they had to remain thirteen days, waiting for their boat to start. After paying for their tickets they had \$2.00 left—two dollars and eight children. Then some one came along in still greater need and they gave away their \$2.00, too.

Several of our young men, who were draftees and wished to escape from Russian military service, naturally could not get out of the country by way of Libau. They had to head for the Russo-German border and try to cross the boundary into the German Fatherland surreptitiously. We cannot blame them for wanting to get away from military service under the czarist regime. It represented a hard life, with many privations. Moreover, some of the people were imbued with pacifist views, as the members of the Ancient Unitas Fratrum had been, and the Moravian colonists at Sarepta on the Volga. When this colony was established in 1765 under the patronage of Empress Catharine—originally a German princess, who had favorably known the Herrnhuters in Germany—various concessions were granted to the Moravian settlers, one of which was exemption from military service.

Christian Seutter described to me the manner in which the recruits were drafted. He had to go to a neighboring town to be registered. All who received numbers above one thousand—their names being drawn by lot—were allowed to go home. Seutter drew number 303. That meant that he would have to serve in the army. He made up his mind that he was not going to do that. Even the draftees were allowed to return to their homes for another month, in order to settle their affairs and to bid farewell to their relatives and friends. This interval was used by Seutter and others to make good their escape. But before going home, they were all sworn into the army. Like a herd of sheep they were driven into a Greek Catholic Church. The adherents of this Church had to kiss certain ikons. Protestants were really required to do this, too, but usually managed to evade the ceremony. Then a priest took a

vessel with holy water and a brush, which he dipped into the water. He flipped his brush over the heads of the men, sprinkling them with little quantities of water. This was the ceremony of dedication to military service. The priest then read instructions to the recruits, telling them that they must serve the czar faithfully. This was practically their swearing in.

Three weeks after Seutter's induction into the army he left secretly and alone. In various ways, by diligence, on foot, by rail, he got to Warsaw. In this city he could get no night's lodging because he lacked the proper certificates to be admitted to hotels. Seutter looked around and finally found a place under a bridge, where he lay down on the damp ground to sleep.

By morning it had snowed heavily and snow had drifted in upon him under the bridge. Proceeding from Warsaw in a westerly direction he finally came to the German border.

His school teacher back home, one Missal, had given him a letter of introduction to one of the boundary police, who was personally known to Missal. In this letter Missal asked his friend, the sentinel, to render young Seutter a little assistance in getting across the border. So Seutter now looked up this sentinel and presented the letter.

The sentinel made a serious face and said he was afraid he could not do anything. In fact he advised Seutter to go back to his home and surrender himself to the authorities. But this he would not do, saying he must continue on his way to America. Still the gendarme declined to assist him in his flight. He said it would cost him his living and would even mean deportation to Siberia, if it were discovered that he had helped a recruit to escape. However, he finally relented somewhat and said to Seutter: "I'll tell you what you can do. You see, I dare not have a hand in this business, but you go home to my wife, and she'll fix you up all right."

So Seutter went to her and she took him over to a Polish neighbor, and together they arranged for the necessary steps. They made an attempt to cross that same night, but the attempt failed. The sentinels were quite numerous and watchful, patrolling the boundary very carefully. The ditch that separated Russia from Germany at this point was wide—fully ten feet.

The next evening they tried again, just as the sentinels were being changed. Seutter got across safely and unobserved, under cover of a dark and foggy night. He now got work with a Ger-

man count in the Province of Posen. This count had a clerk or private secretary, with whom Seutter got acquainted and who agreed to issue a laborer's certificate to him on his own hook for a five-mark fee. With the help of this certificate Seutter was able to secure passage from Bremen to New York. Those were the days, of course, when there were no quotas and no other severe restrictions to entrance into the United States.

Another of the young men who escaped to Canada was *William Fenske*. He also wanted to get away from the draft. He had resorted to the subterfuge of dieting himself so as to reduce his waist and chest measure. And sure enough, the first time he appeared at the recruiting station for the examination, he was rejected because of his insufficient weight and measurement. But realizing that he was subject to a second call later on and fearing that he might be accepted in the end, he decided to escape.

Three others joined Fenske—*Ferdinand Schmidt*, a certain Fiebig and a certain Krueger. They traveled to a Polish-Russian border village, close to the German line. As they reconnoitered the lay of the land a Pole observed them and rightly guessed that the four strangers were runaway soldiers. He accosted them and offered to assist them in their flight. This frightened them. Their fears were not allayed when he suggested to them to hide in his large stable, promising to take them across the border on the morrow. Ill at ease, because they had heard of Germans being murdered secretly for the sake of the money they might possess, they nevertheless obeyed instructions and hid in the man's barn. That evening a lot of the friends and neighbors of the Polish villager gathered at the stable and began an animated conversation. The four fugitives could not understand the language, but feared the worst. They expected a conspiracy against them and imagined that the band was planning to assassinate them all. At length, however, the company dispersed and the four Germans began to breathe more easily. Eventually they realized that they had not been betrayed and that their Polish friend proved to be true.

In the morning preparations were begun for their flight across the boundary. The Pole collected a fee of two rubles from each, and gave to each some old garments to help in the disguise. To one he gave an old hat, to another an old coat, etc. He also gave them instructions as to how to proceed. He was going to

drive his cattle out to the pasture, which just adjoined the border. They were to saunter along in an unconcerned fashion, but not all close together. They soon came to the place where the sentinels were on guard. They could see three of them simultaneously, so close were they together. Two of the young men, Schmidt and Krueger, now got excited and started to run across the creek that constituted the boundary at that place.

It almost proved their undoing. The sentinel saw them and, assisted by a bend in the creek which gave him a slight advantage, he would surely have caught them had not their nervous fear given them wings and almost superhuman strength. The other two, not being prepared for a spurt at the moment, now saw the futility of any further attempt for the present and continued to walk unconcernedly behind the cattle. This course met with the approval of their Polish friend, who advised them to return to his house for dinner. In the afternoon, he assured them, the attempt might be renewed, as the sentinels would then be changed.

Slightly different tactics were employed. Some little children were to join them and then all were to proceed to the place where they wanted to cross into Germany. The children ran nonchalantly across the boundary in full view of a sentinel who was reclining against a tree. They played about, picked flowers and came back. They repeated this process several times. The men then also sauntered over, ostensibly to join the children, and also came back. The second time they went further afield, but returned once more. The third time they entered Germany still farther—and never came back any more! The stupid Russian sentinel now saw through the ruse, but it was too late.

We will record the story of one more of these "deserters," who loved liberty and sought a land of freedom. We are speaking of *Gustav Bartz*. He had already been in the army for a period of nine months at a point in Poland. He describes life in camp as an almost unendurable existence. Only two meals a day were served, and these consisted chiefly of a kind of soup, so sour as to set one's teeth on edge.

Bartz had gotten permission one day to take his soiled laundry to the nearby town. In the bag he also put his old civilian clothes that he had taken along from home. At a secluded spot he took off his Russian uniform and threw it into the dense underbrush. Putting on his old clothes, he boarded a train, using some of his

scant supply of money. It was all a very risky business, for detection would have meant deportation to Siberia. One other companion was with him.

They rode for eight hours. Their money was almost exhausted. So they took to walking. For eight days they walked almost day and night, in constant fear of being suspected. They avoided villages and dwellings as much as possible. Only when forced by hunger, they ventured to secure a fresh supply of bread, which was about all they got to eat. It was already late in the season and getting cold. Their clothing was scant. To get a drink, they had to crack open the ponds and brooks with a stone. Occasionally they got some snatches of sleep in straw piles. Both of them ruined their health at that time.

After eight days the pair reached the boundary, almost crazed with hunger, cold and lack of sleep. They realized their danger now that they stood at the border, where sentinels were stationed only 2500 feet apart, going back and forth with loaded muskets and with orders to shoot down any who were seen crossing the line without authority.

It was night when the two men got to the border. Here they came upon a house in which there was a light. They crept up to the window and listened. To their joy they heard the occupants speak German. So they ventured to knock for admission. Providentially, the German proved to be friendly and furthered their project, though at risk to himself for harboring deserters, who had broken their oath to the Emperor. The German assigned an empty storeroom or granary to them, where he let them sleep on the hard floor for the night. So soundly did they sleep in the security of this place, that they did not awake of themselves. At four o'clock in the morning the man called them, showed them in the dim light in which direction they were to run, told them that only a few rods farther on there was a deep ditch which marked the boundary between the two countries and that they would have to jump across that ditch. For all this advice and kind assistance Bartz took off his good pair of boots and gave them to the German, taking the latter's pair of inferior shoes in exchange. The German now listened for the footfalls of the Russian sentinel on the hard frozen ground. Soon they became audible and slowly with measured tread passed the place, then died away in the distance.

Now the German advised his proteges to make good their

escape before the sentinel got back. So they hurried forth into the dark night and soon noticed that they were at the ditch. Bartz essayed to make the first leap across, but made a miscalculation in the semi-darkness of the night. He landed on the ice, broke through and found himself waist-deep in the water. Though easily rescued from this unfortunate plight, he soon felt his clothing freeze solid upon his body. His companion was more fortunate, and the two hastened on into German territory, stopping long enough at a house at a safe distance to dry their freezing clothes. But they were not allowed to remain long, as the owner of the house told them that the police were always looking for runaways. Without getting any breakfast, they were forced to move farther on.

After walking for some time, they came to some more kindly disposed people. They remained two days and helped their kind host thresh with a flail. But again they were urged to continue their flight, as they were not yet safe. The man directed them to a friend of his twenty-five miles farther on, giving them a letter of recommendation. This man took them in and engaged them both for a year, promising them each the equivalent of \$35.00 wages for the period. Altogether they remained for a year and a half. The man secured some papers for them, on the strength of which they were able to emigrate from Germany. Bartz had some relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm Lilge, who meanwhile had arrived in Canada with the first contingent of settlers; they urged him to follow as soon as possible. His companion decided to remain in Germany.

At this point we might hear how one of the families fared who traveled in that same first contingent to which the Wilhelm Lilges belonged. The name of this family was Lippert. *Leopold Lippert*, the head of the family, wrote a detailed story of his experiences, the German original of which is preserved with other documents belonging to my collection of Alberta records.

Lippert tells us in his account that he and his family set out from their Volhynian home on the 10th of May, 1894, together with thirteen other families. Andreas Lilge, who with two other families had already come across by way of Bethlehem, Pa., in the late summer of 1893, and had spent a winter in Bethany, Minnesota, had secured special rates for the entire party from the Canadian Government and had even obtained free transportation for the penniless.

Lippert appears to have been the best versed in the Russian language, so he assisted the rest in securing their passports and in making all preparations for the long trip. He had to bear a heavy load on this account, looking after all his charges. Moreover, he had to care for his sick wife, who was almost blind, and for their six children, the oldest of which was only twelve. In his pocket he had twenty rubles, or about \$10.00. After a wagon and train trip of five days, the party arrived in the port city of Libau. Here they had to remain for five days, awaiting the ship's departure for Hull, England. By the time the company left Libau, Lippert's twenty rubles were pretty well exhausted. We will continue the Lippert story in the next chapter, telling about their experiences on shipboard.

In this chapter, which bears the title "Setting out for Canada," it would seem fitting to include several paragraphs about my own first trip to Alberta to join the European immigrants at Bruederheim and Bruederfeld as their first minister or missionary. To be sure, my journey was not, like theirs, fraught with any hardships or trials at any stage, either when setting out or en route. I received the official call on December 28, 1895, while pastor at Elizabeth, New Jersey. On January 2, 1896, at the request of the Provincial Elders' Conference, I went to Bethlehem to have an official interview with the board with regard to this call. On Saturday, January 4, the joint board of the Elizabeth congregation met at the parsonage, and I informed them of the call and my acceptance of the same. The next day, at the morning service, I made the announcement to the entire congregation. In the evening we began our Week of Prayer services, with meetings every night till Friday. All that week my mother and I did our packing, assisted by one of the members. On Saturday, January 11, our freight was shipped to Edmonton, and the following day, January 12, 1896, I preached my farewell sermon on Isaiah 27:5 before an audience of one hundred. In the evening Holy Communion was celebrated, ninety-six taking part and some twenty to thirty others being present. It was an uplifting service, followed by cordial farewells and good wishes.

On Monday afternoon, January 13, my mother and I left by train. On Sunday, January 19, I preached for my brother-in-law, the Rev. W. Strohmeier, in Lake Mills. There my mother expected to remain until the parsonage in Bruederfeld would be

built, when she was to join me in the month of June following.

On Saturday morning, January 25, I arrived in Winnipeg, and as soon as possible I went to call upon Mr. L. A. Hamilton, the C. P. R. Land Commissioner, who had his office in the second story of the large depot. Unfortunately he was out of town and I missed seeing him altogether. I put up at the Brunswick Hotel and then went out to look up some of the other persons, whom P. E. C. had asked me to contact, including Mr. T. E. Morden, city editor of the Manitoba Free Press, and others later on. That same day I learned to know a gentleman who proved to be a valuable helper and friend for many years—Mr. John E. Forslund, C. P. R. Immigration Agent. He was a Swede, but talked good English and German and knew all about our Volhynian immigrants and their leader, Andreas Lilge. In fact he had a letter from Lilge for me. Mr. Forslund gave me a free pass to Edmonton and to Cypress River, Manitoba, and later on also supplied similar transportation for other trips. (After my consecration to the episcopacy in 1908 I received annual passes on all three railways, the C. P. R., and the C. N. R. and the G. T. P.)

At the Brunswick Hotel I made the acquaintance of a certain Ex-Sergeant-major G. H. Schoof, a native of Schleswig Holstein, an American citizen, who had served under the British in South Africa for some time as mounted police, patrolling the highway between the diamond fields and the Zambesi River. He was personally acquainted with Dr. Jameson, organizer of the unfortunate Jameson Raid on Transvaal in 1895. He was also acquainted with old King Lobengula and King Khama, ruler of Bechuanaland and faithful ally of the British. Once Schoof acted as escort to Robert Moffat, Jr., son of the famous missionary of that name. We spent many an interesting hour together. I also heard his lecture on South Africa and the customs, life, language and beliefs of the people. He had a valuable collection of South African curios with him in Winnipeg.

On Sunday, January 26, I attended the Methodist Church in Winnipeg, of which the Rev. G. R. Turk was pastor. I met him afterwards, as had been suggested to me by P. E. C., because he had interested himself in our Moravians. Mr. Morden, who also took a deep interest in our people in Alberta, belonged to Mr. Turk's church. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Morden took me to All People's Mission, a work which he conducted with the

help of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes and others on behalf of the many different nationalities living in Winnipeg or passing through that gateway on their way to the New West. I delivered a brief address in German at the meeting.

I met Mr. Griffin, Assistant Land Commissioner of the C. P. R., called on Mr. H. H. Smith, Dominion Land Commissioner; Mr. Wendelbow, a Scandinavian, and Hugo Carstens, a German official; contacted Mr. McCloud, Dominion P. O. Inspector, regarding the establishment of a P. O. at Bruederfeld; called on Dr. Blakely, Superintendent of Education for Manitoba, who referred me to his colleague, Mr. Goggin at Regina, who held a similar post for the Northwest Territories.

My stay at Winnipeg ended on Thursday, January 30, and at 5:10 P.M. that day I boarded the C. P. R. sleeper on the transcontinental train from Montreal to Vancouver, traversing the vast and bleak and sparsely settled plains of Manitoba, Assiniboia and Alberta. Very few houses were seen on the plains; the railway stations were surrounded by straggling villages of a few houses and a store or two, except when we came to an occasional town of some importance. Some wildlife was observed now and then, mainly coyotes; the pronghorn antelope was supposed to occur here, but I was not fortunate enough to catch a sight of this animal. Even then it was beginning to vanish, though naturally it would move farther south in winter in search of more convenient pasturage.

On the second morning of the journey west from Winnipeg, namely on Saturday, February 1, as I stood near the window of the washroom of the sleeper, I got my first surprising glimpse of the Rockies, a sight which I will never forget. The sun shone brightly against the dazzlingly white snow-capped peaks of the majestic mountain range, the atmosphere being so pure and clear that, although still about 150 miles distant, they seemed to be just a short way off.

At Calgary I put up at the Alberta Hotel, made some business calls, including the lumberyard and planing mill of Cushing Brothers, from whom I got estimates on millwork for our prospective buildings at Bruederfeld and Bruederheim.

Sunday, February 2, 1896, was my first Sunday in Alberta. I felt something of a thrill as I looked ahead and thought of the Sundays of the future, which by God's grace I hoped to spend in my new Canadian field. In the morning I attended the

Presbyterian church and met the minister, the Rev. Mr. Herdman, and in the evening I was at the Methodist church, of which the Rev. T. C. Buchanan was pastor. The older of the Cushing brothers was an usher at that church. I talked with the minister after the service.

On Monday morning, February 3, I boarded the train for South Edmonton, and thus at last arrived at the scene of my Canadian home missionary labors.

CHAPTER IV.

Trials and Hardships of the Journey

After leaving Libau, the Canadian immigrants first proceeded to Hull on the East Coast of England, whence they traveled by rail to Liverpool. At this great British seaport the long ocean voyage to Canada commenced. We will recount some of the hardships and trials experienced by several of the families that eventually settled in Bruederfeld or Bruederheim, as well as the experiences of one of the families that was heading for Calgary.

We begin with the story of Leopold Lippert, whom we first met en route to Libau. He tells us that he and his family, together with the other thirteen families in whose company they were traveling, spent fifteen days on the water, sailing from Libau to Hull, and across the Atlantic. He writes of his experiences aboard the two ships as harrowing in the extreme. "No pen can describe it," he says. His wife was sick and half blind. A four-year-old boy had fever during the entire voyage. He himself was on his feet almost day and night, until he finally broke down and was practically unconscious for about five days.

After a journey of thirty-seven days they arrived in Winnipeg. Lippert had one dollar left. In Winnipeg they had to remain for three days and then they resumed their journey to Calgary and Edmonton. He had thirty cents left, with which he bought some stale bread in town. A woman gave him a twenty-five cent can of syrup. On this the family subsisted until they reached Edmonton, a journey of three days—the father and six children. The mother remained behind in a Winnipeg hospital as a charity patient, to be treated for blindness. A week later she was sent on to Edmonton, her sight in no wise improved.

Other Volhynians fared no better. Here are some of their stories:

When young Bartz arrived at Halifax he was fortunate to secure a supply of bread from the ship's steward, which lasted him all the way to Edmonton. The steward, learning the plight of the immigrant, had said to him, "Help yourself to all you want. I'll throw it overboard anyway." So Bartz tied up a big bundleful. When he arrived in Edmonton he had five cents left. He had made the whole trip from Halifax to Edmonton alone.

Young Fenske's story is a much longer one. We left him and his three companions in Germany after their successful escape from Russian militarism. Fenske and a certain Fiebig had gotten as far as Bremen, where they had to lie over for twenty days. The following was the cause of their delay. Fenske's parents expected to leave Russia soon after the escape of their son and his companions. But when the older Fenske and his wife were about to set out for Bremen, where they expected to join their son, they were held up at the German border, because they came from a region where the black small pox had broken out. They had to return to their home in Volhynia. This left young Fenske in financial straits. He and Fiebig could not get any work in Bremen as they did not hold the necessary certificates enabling them to obtain jobs. They had to wait until Fenske's parents sent him the necessary money to continue their journey. As soon as some funds arrived, they secured passage to Philadelphia. They obtained work at \$1.50 a day, and were hired for six months. Then the financial depression of 1893 set in and they were laid off. This was about the time Andreas Lilge arrived in Bethlehem. Fenske wrote to Lilge for advice, but Lilge did not get the letter until later and finally replied from Edmonton. He advised Fenske to come to Alberta. Fenske started out. When he got as far as Winnipeg, he had \$30.00 in his pocket. He found Lilge in Winnipeg, collecting money and provisions from the Mennonites in Manitoba. Lilge secured a job for Fenske with a man by the name of Giesbrecht. There was some misunderstanding regarding the conditions under which Fenske was to work at this man's place. Giesbrecht expected Fenske to work merely for his "keep"; Fenske was counting on at least some cash wages. As Giesbrecht really did not need a hired man, he dismissed Fenske, and after the latter had worked for a week at all manner of odd jobs, including masonry, he returned to Winnipeg, his money daily getting less.

In Winnipeg he fortunately fell in with a man by the name of Mauer, who was running a wood-yard. He proved to be a good

and benevolent man and hired Fenske at fair wages to saw cord wood. Soon after, however, Fenske got sick. It turned out to be pneumonia. The city doctor was called and gave it as his opinion that there was no hope for his recovery. But, to fulfill his duty, he telephoned for the ambulance and had the patient transferred to the charity ward in the hospital. Here he was again carefully examined and received kind treatment from the nurses and the house physician. One day a company of medical students, to the number of fifteen, under the direction of their instructor, gathered around his sickbed, for the purpose of having a practical demonstration given them on the subject of pneumonia.

Fenske was the object of their investigations and had to submit to all sorts of amateur examinations on the part of the medical students. They were quizzed by their instructor and had to answer all sorts of questions, which, of course, were quite unintelligible to the patient. Nevertheless, the minute and exhaustive examination to which he was subjected may have redounded to his good, for at the close of the demonstration the professor wrote out a prescription. The nurses had it filled, and in due time young Fenske was restored to health. Anyway, it is not everybody, least of all a poor man, who can have the benefit of a consultation by fifteen medical men!

After the lapse of a month, Fenske was discharged from the hospital. He felt very lonesome as he went back into the big city. But here his Christian upbringing resulted in material reward. He attended All People's Mission near the C.P.R. station. This city mission has a big sign in about a dozen different languages, bidding strangers welcome.

When Fenske saw the sign, he decided to attend the services, for he longed for Christian fellowship and spiritual refreshing. He made the acquaintance of one of the workers, Mr. T. E. Morden, a newspaper man, one of the city editors of the great Manitoba Free Press. Mr. Morden told his pastor, the Rev. G. R. Turk, of Grace Methodist Church, about the young Moravian immigrant, who had just left the hospital and was still in an enfeebled condition. Mr. Turk engaged young Fenske, giving him odd jobs about his house, cutting wood, etc. He also insisted on his eating dinner at his house instead of going back to his boarding place. Fenske worked for a week and a half for the minister and received \$15.90.

About this time he got a letter from his parents and from Rie-

mers, stating that they were coming to Canada. Very soon after that they arrived in Winnipeg, the group consisting of old Fenskes, Riemers, and John Vogel. As soon as possible the entire company proceeded to Edmonton. The dreary stretches of arid prairie which they traversed in Assiniboia and Southern Alberta often discouraged them, but as they came nearer their destination and reached the fertile belt north of Red Deer, with copses of woodland, their hopes revived.

In our last chapter we told the beginning of Christian Seutter's story, recounting his experiences in escaping from the Russian army. He came over from Bremen to New York. At Bremen he paid his last 108 rubles for his ticket, good as far as Winnipeg, so when he got to New York he had no money left to buy provisions for the railroad trip West. Fortunately he fell in with a friendly Polish fellow traveler, who shared his lunch with him. But in Eastern Ontario the Polish passenger got off the train and left Seutter without friends and without food. It was still a three day's trip to Winnipeg, and Seutter had no prospect of getting any food during this time. But God provided in a wonderful way. Somewhere in Ontario the engine broke down, and the train had to stop in the midst of a wild-looking country in deep woods. A German laborer happened along and boarded the train to see what was up. He passed through the immigrant coach. It was filled with Chinamen. There was only one white man in it, and that was our friend Seutter. So the laborer addressed him and found that he was a German like himself. Pretty soon Seutter told him of his plight, how he was penniless and without a crust of bread, with three days of travel ahead. The German laborer said: "Here is my lunch. I was just going to eat it, because it is noon, but I can do without it for once and let you have what I've got." So Seutter took that man's lunch and made it go as far as possible. It was the only thing he got for two days. Meanwhile he was growing sick and faint. All day he lay upon the upper berth of his colonist car upon the hard slats, wishing a hundred times that he had remained in Russia and served the czar. Then at least he would get his sauerkraut soup twice a day. As he pondered upon these things, he leaned out over the edge of his bunk and looked down upon the car floor. His eyes fell upon a bright and shining object. He got down and picked it up. It was a silver coin. But what kind it was he did not know. For aught he knew it might come from China. But he examined it more closely and saw the figure "25" upon it. But still he was in doubt, not knowing what to do.

Just then they came to a station, and a man entered the car with a basket of bread, rolls and buns, offering them for sale. There Seutter sat, almost famished with hunger, with a quarter of a dollar in his hand, yet afraid to offer it, lest it might prove his undoing. For he had never seen or owned an American or Canadian coin. The man was now close to him, with his tempting wares. Seutter eagerly gazed upon the bread and rolls. His hunger at last impelled him to action, regardless of consequences. He pointed to a loaf of bread and hesitatingly held out the coin. The man handed him the bread, took the coin without a word and gave him two ten cent pieces in change. Greatly relieved and with gratitude to God he soon was able to appease his gnawing hunger.

Arriving at Winnipeg, he lived for several days on the rest of his money, buying only dry bread and drinking cold water at the fountains. He looked up the German immigrant agent in Winnipeg, Hugo Carstens, who wrote to an acquaintance in the country. This man agreed to hire Seutter at \$6.00 a month. It cost ninety cents to get to his place and this amount Mr. Carstens was willing to loan him for a few weeks. Seutter soon returned \$1.00 to Winnipeg in repayment of the loan.

Seutter's work was in the woods. He worked like a slave. He froze his feet, as he was thinly clad and had inadequate footwear. Again he wished he had remained in Russia and served the czar for fifteen years, rather than perish in the wilds of Canada. The long journey and the privations of the trip had left him in an enfeebled condition.

In spite of this he remained at this job for three months. Then the first Volhynians began to arrive—August Paul, Philip Busenius and others. Seutter joined them at Winnipeg and proceeded with them to South Edmonton. He got work sawing boards with a whip-saw at fifty cents a day. Crops were frozen that fall, as the people had arrived too late to sow their grain in ample time.

Let us next hear the story of Ludwig Henkelmann and his wife and family. They had five boys and two girls, and brought with them a nephew—ten persons in all. The oldest of the children was twenty, the youngest half a year. They had come to love the Moravian Church in Volhynia and longed to get to a place where they could have religious liberty. Their troubles began in Libau. They did not have enough money to buy tickets for their family of ten. From Winnipeg on to Edmonton the railway granted free transportation to incoming immigrants. They lacked \$100.00, and

had to borrow that amount. Wilhelm Lilge, Adolph Klammer (a son-in-law) and Adolph Schultz chipped together \$100.00 with the understanding that Ludwig Henkelmann was to repay the amount upon their arrival in Edmonton. They hoped to do this with the bonus of \$10.00 per person, according to a policy inaugurated by the Canadian government some time prior to that period. But by the time this contingent of immigrants arrived, a new law had gone into effect, cancelling the bonus. Thus the Henkelmanns found themselves in an embarrassing predicament. When Andreas Stolz learned of their difficulties, he came to the rescue and let them have the \$100.00 for as long as needful, to enable them to repay the loan to the others, who had to have their money.

When the Henkelmann family arrived in Winnipeg they had one dollar left, with no provisions for the last leg of their journey. They bought a cheap kettle and some rice; also a little sugar. Wilhelm Drebert heard of their want and offered to help out with \$1.00. This had to last ten persons to South Edmonton.

Another large family was that of Wilhelm Drebert. They were in the same contingent to which the above-mentioned Henkelmanns belonged. Others were the Mauers, the Schuberts and a lot of families that settled in Bruderheim. When the Dreberts arrived in Edmonton they had \$100.00 left, one hundred dollars and eight children.

En route across the plains west of Manitoba one of the boys, Ferdinand, later a missionary to Alaska, fell off the train. His older brother Henry was playing with him. They were out on the platform of their colonist car, which had no enclosed vestibule. The train was rounding a curve and threw the young fellow out. By the time the last coach had passed the spot, four-year-old Ferdinand was back on his feet again and running after the train. Meanwhile the alarm had been given on the train and it was brought to a stop to take the little immigrant on again. Years later (in 1949) I read an interesting book entitled "Pioneer Days in Bardo, Alberta," the story of a Norwegian settlement started about the same time south of Beaver Lake as the Moravian colonies of Bruederfeld and Bruederheim. In that book the Ferdinand Drebert incident is narrated essentially in the same way as I have recounted it here. Apparently some Norwegian settlers from Northwestern Minnesota had gotten on the same train at Winnipeg on which our Volhynian Moravians were traveling to Alberta.

God evidently had in mind to use that little child some day, and that is why He miraculously saved him from injury or worse. After I had been in Alberta about ten years I confirmed him together with a goodly number of others. The Saturday before Palm Sunday, I had them come upstairs into my study one by one to have my last private heart to heart talk with each one of them about spiritual matters and their own personal relationship to Christ. When I asked him, among other things: "Well, Ferdinand, have you given any thought to your life-plan, as to what you would like to be or do some day?" "Yes," came the immediate reply, "I thought I would like to become a missionary." Naturally I was overjoyed at this response, and to my great happiness there were three others in the same class who also declared their purpose to enter upon the service of the Lord in the Christian ministry. That same fall I began a preparatory class coaching them in various subjects, so that a year later they could be admitted to our college in Bethlehem (in 1906). In 1912 I ordained Brother Drebert prior to his going to Alaska as a missionary among the Eskimos, a work in which he is still engaged as I write this record. His was the first ordination which I performed after becoming a bishop in 1908.

But to return to my Drebert story. When the family arrived in South Edmonton, nearly all were sick. They were placed in a tent, as the regular immigration shed was filled to capacity. They got the measles. Mr. Drebert, Adolph, Julius and Henry were the only ones that escaped. Julius was appointed cook. We can imagine the confusion and discomfort that must have prevailed under these conditions. We will have more to tell about the experiences of this large family under the headings dealt with in further chapters.

The family of Heinrich Schultz, which was later known as Mud Lake Schultz because their homestead bordered on Mud Lake in Bruederheim, also numbered ten persons. When they arrived at their destination they had no money left, because they had given their last \$2.00 away in Libau. They endured many hardships, with their children, on their way over. To the usual discomforts of such a long journey, sickness was added; and this sore trial followed them all the way to Bruederheim, where it culminated in the tragedy related in Chapter VI.

One of the Calgary families also passed through some agonizing travel experiences both in Europe and in Canada. In Liverpool one of their children came down with the measles. As a result

the entire family had to be held there, while other families in their group were allowed to proceed. In about three weeks the sick child was restored and the family could resume their voyage alone. After their arrival in New York they had to secure tickets to Calgary. By some error or through somebody's negligence the tickets were made out to a certain point in Ontario. When the family got to Montreal, the youngest child, about two years old, took sick. But none of the officials noticed it and, fearing lest they might be detained once more, the people concealed the fact.

After a few hours' stopover in Montreal, they took the train again, believing themselves finally safe on the way to Calgary. But when the conductor came around and examined their ticket he found that they were on the wrong train. Consequently they were set off at a small station, where they had to remain all night. Here they were near to despair. The night was cold. The baby was sick and cried nearly all the time. They themselves could scarcely keep from freezing. There was nobody to help or to comfort them. They spent the greater part of the night in weeping. Finally, in the morning, a train came along and took them back to Montreal. Here they were transferred to another depot and had to purchase a new ticket to Calgary. Thus the passage from New York to Calgary cost them nearly double the ordinary amount.

CHAPTER V.

Seeking and Selecting Land

The experiences made by the early settlers in seeking and selecting land were marked by new difficulties and hardships. The tract of land tentatively set apart for the incoming Moravian settlers, as agreed upon in the negotiations between Andreas Lilge and the Dominion Government, lay some fifteen or eighteen miles to the east-north-east of Fort Saskatchewan. Roughly, that was about forty-five miles from the South Edmonton immigration headquarters. To inspect that land meant a long and weary tramp, in most cases on foot. The newcomers had to cross the Saskatchewan River twice, first at Edmonton and then back again at Fort Saskatchewan. Crossing was by ferry, which cost, I believe, ten or fifteen cents per person at that time. To avoid this expense the trip could be made entirely on the south side of the river, but this added about ten miles to the journey by the trails then available.

Arrived at the scene, it was no easy matter to determine the exact boundaries of the individual quarter sections. The surveyors' lines were no longer distinct, having been cut through the woods and the brush some years previously. The corner posts in many cases were hard to find and the marks on them could not be deciphered or interpreted by the land seekers. To explore an entire quarter section and determine its desirability as one's new home presented some difficulty, for 160 acres after all represented quite an area of land in the eyes of Europeans.

The tract beyond Fort Saskatchewan was far removed from markets and railway facilities; it was rather heavily timbered in places and presented in its wild state a rough and forbidding appearance. No wonder the spirits of some of the people sank when they first laid eyes upon what was to be their new home. Memories came back of the pleasant, well-tilled fields they had left behind in Russia; here they saw nothing but hard work ahead and isolation for years to come in an inhospitable-looking environment. No wonder some of the families, especially those that had a little money, decided against going away out beyond Fort Saskatchewan, and began to investigate the possibility of acquiring land only a few miles out from South Edmonton on the Papaschase Indian Reservation, which had recently been opened for sale by the Indian Department at Ottawa.

In this chapter we will mainly describe some of the long trips afoot made to the tract reserved for our Moravians east of "The Fort," near what was known as "Spring Creek," a little, spring-fed stream, where a certain Scotchman by the name of William Leslie had established a ranch. Let us begin with the story related to me by William Fenske.

He and Julius Riemer and John Vogel, all of whom ultimately bought land on the "Reserve," first investigated the Spring Creek tract. They made the trip on foot. They carried nothing with them but a spade, with which to examine the soil as they went along. They took no provisions, as they had some money and expected to buy a little food on the way. On the first day they walked about twenty-five miles, reaching Fort Saskatchewan by the south road at night. They spent the night tramping in a little poplar grove on the outskirts of the Fort. Next day they started for the Beaver Hills (Josephsberg), a settlement almost due east of the Fort, where they expected to find some Germans from Austria, but they lost their way. They

came to a settler's shack and asked for some food, intending to pay for it. Young Fenske, who had learned a little English in Philadelphia and at Winnipeg, acted as spokesman. The settler in his rude shack had to inform them that he had practically nothing to eat himself and so could not sell them any food. They tried the next place. Again they were told that the larder was empty. At the third house, belonging to an Englishman, they received dinner at twenty-five cents apiece. In a roundabout way they finally got to the Beaver Hills German settlement and struck a place belonging to a German Austrian by the name of Rempel. He sold them a little bread, and then they proceeded to where Bruederheim now stands. They came to Leslie's spruce woods at Spring Creek, but did not like the country one bit. They considered it too heavily timbered and too remote from town. They stayed another day in the vicinity, spending the night in the woods, and started back to Fort Saskatchewan the following morning.

About eight miles from Spring Creek they came upon the shack of another Austrian, whose name was Krebs. He lived near a little stream called Deep Creek. They wanted to buy some bread, but the housewife said she had none; she was going to bake some that day and by evening they could get some. But they could not remain that long. They asked for some eggs and at last the woman managed to get ten of them together, for which the men paid her twenty cents. One of them drank his eggs raw out of the shell. The other two said they could not eat their eggs that way. So they built a fire, took their spade, filled its shallow depth with water and thus boiled their eggs by rolling them around in the boiling water with a stick. At length they got back to South Edmonton, footsore and weary, hungry and much discouraged. Their long tramp of about a hundred miles had proved fruitless, except that they concluded they would not settle at Spring Creek.

From Ludwig Henkelmann I got a similar story. He and two others, Carl Mauer and Johan Schubert, also footed it to "Bruederheim," likewise traveling to Fort Saskatchewan on the south side of the river to save sixty cents. They had no money with them and only a little bread. They evidently expected to come across benevolent people. At Fort Saskatchewan they played out. They were allowed to rest for the night in a stable. They made an early start the next morning and got to Bruederheim by

evening. But they accomplished nothing—they only tired themselves out. All three eventually settled in Bruederfeld. On the return trip there was a larger party. One of them had some money and paid the ferriage for the rest, so that they could travel on the north side of the river, which was much shorter.

Opposite the Fort, on the north side of the Saskatchewan, they passed a farm house near the road. The farmer, who was just straining his milk, pitied them when he saw their care-worn faces. So he called to them. Naturally they could not understand what he was saying. But he showed them the milk and made them understand by signs that they were welcome to refresh themselves. They eagerly accepted the invitation as soon as they understood. The man also brought a quantity of bread for them. Shortly after that a man came along with a lumber wagon. He too pitied the weary travelers and allowed them to get in—a big load. They thus got back from their fruitless landseeking trip, truly grateful for the kindness shown them by strangers.

Wilhelm Drebert and his oldest son Adolph also walked to Bruederheim a few days after their arrival in South Edmonton. By that time, it seems, some Bruederheimers had already settled there, including Andreas Lilge, no doubt. He was disturbed that his Volhynians were apparently going to split and did what he could to induce as many as possible to locate there. The Dreberts were willing to investigate. But on this trip the father got sick and finally decided against joining the Lilge settlement. He was sick all the following winter. His good friend, Andreas Stolz, who was anxious anyhow to keep this family on the Reserve, offered to make the first down-payment for him on the quarter section of land just north of the Stolz quarter. As soon as a house could be gotten measurably ready for occupancy, the Dreberts moved in. This was about the end of September. Then it began to snow, and the snow fell through the unfinished roof on the bed of the sick father.

Young Gustav Bartz was another one of the immigrants who made the trip to Bruederheim on foot. His sister, Mrs. Wilhelm Lilge, and her family had arrived there earlier, and he wanted to join them after his delay in Germany. He started out all alone to find his sister. Some one had told him roughly how to get there, so he set out with a quantity of stale bread, which he bought with his last five cents. On the other side of Fort Saskatchewan he lost his way. Fortunately he came to a house

of an Austrian German by the name of Gauf, who let him sleep at his place. In Bruederheim he found his married sister, and his troubles were over for a few days.

We next refer to the experiences of Heinrich Schultz, when looking for a homestead. This family arrived in South Edmonton on July 6, 1894, and three or four days later the father set out with five or six others to inspect the land reserved for the colony by Lilge. They traveled on the south side of the river, as they had no money for ferriage. At Spring Creek only the rancher Leslie was living. He permitted them to make their headquarters on his place. They located the homesteads with difficulty as the lines were no longer well marked and the corner stakes were unintelligible to them. It was a dry summer and they came across no good drinking water on their weary tramp through the woods. They had to have recourse to drinking slough water, which they secured by making little wooden spades and digging a small hole near the edge of the water in order to enable the latter to seep through and collect in the depression. Dry bread and this impure water was all they had to eat on such marches. On this first trip many of the men did not find their land at all and had to return to the immigration shed disappointed.

Perhaps the most complete account of land-seeking hardships was written by Leopold Lippert. We translate his account almost verbatim. It appears from his story that about the same time his contingent arrived in South Edmonton, or soon after, the half carload of supplies that Lilge had collected from the Mennonites in Manitoba also reached South Edmonton. The shipment contained many sacks of flour, some ham and bacon, used clothing and other articles. Some of the men were absent on their landhunt, and at the time the box-car had to be unloaded only four able-bodied men (Lippert and three others) were on hand. It was hard work, and their leader, A. Lilge, made them remain on the job all day. By six in the evening the car was unloaded. The women made flour soup and baked bread, and the four men, dead tired as they were, expected to retire early. But Lilge insisted on their starting out at once for the land reserved for them, so that they would arrive by the following afternoon. Lippert and his companions pleaded exhaustion, but Lilge said: "I am hiring a rig tomorrow morning and I expect to be there by evening and I want you to be there also by the time I get

there." So Lippert and his two companions had to start out on foot immediately, without a good night's rest. Each of the three men received two loaves of the freshly baked bread for the journey and they set out.

They had been told in a general way in which direction they were to travel, but in the darkness and on the unfamiliar ground they soon got lost. After walking a long time they came to a fork in the road. They had not been told about that fork and had no idea which might be the right road. So they took the one to the right. After a while they came to the shack and awakened the owner from his sleep. He was an Englishman, so they could not talk with him. Finally they said: "Fort Saskatchewan" and were given to understand that they were on the wrong trail. The Englishman directed them as best he could by pointing to the north and trying to make them understand that after a certain distance they would have to turn to the right. Well, they eventually got to the bank opposite the Fort, where a ferry had to take them across the river. The fare was twenty-five cents. The other two men had the money, but Lippert did not own a cent, and they could not help him out. What now? Would he have to remain behind and let the others go on alone?

Just then a man with a load of hay came along. He was a German and was on his way to the Fort. He suggested that Lippert crawl on his wagon and hide in the hay, and so he would smuggle Lippert across the river. He said: "I have to pay for the ferry anyway and you might as well steal your way across in my load of hay." Although this went against his conscience, Lippert had no other choice, and so he got to the Fort surreptitiously.

It was now early morning of the day on which they were to arrive at Spring Creek. They still had eighteen miles to walk. One of the trio had a shotgun and as they had had nothing to eat but dry bread all night and all forenoon thus far, this man shot a rabbit and they started roasting it at an open fire on the prairie. But Lippert could not eat any of the rabbit, in fact he had not been able to take any food all night. Just across from where they had built their fire, a German by the name of Krebs lived. He noticed the fire and came over to investigate what it was all about. He was glad to meet the German-speaking strangers and noticed that Lippert was not eating. "Are you sick?" he asked. "Not yet," said Lippert, "but I am not feeling very

well and I cannot eat this fare." So Krebs went back to the house and brought Lippert a quantity of milk. That refreshed him greatly.

Eventually the men reached their destination, and their leader also arrived with the land inspector. The following day the search for homesteads began, but not so many good quarters could be found on the township reserved south of the Victoria Trail, so that some land north of the trail had also to be selected. Consequently some of the settlers were separated as much as four and five miles from each other.

The search for the homestead was a wearisome task, and Lippert became quite ill. Their supply of bread ran out, and the company had to subsist on rabbits and hawks, roasted at the fire. The night was cold and they were obliged to lie out under the open heavens without covering. The grass was stiff with hoarfrost by morning. Lippert had to ride back with Lilge's buggy when the latter returned to town with the inspector. At the immigration hall Lippert got some warm food, even if it was nothing more than flour soup, and gradually he regained his strength.

As soon as possible all the immigrants had to make their homestead selections and move out upon their claims, as the immigration hall in South Edmonton had to be cleared for the purpose of admitting further arrivals. They pooled their meager resources to secure transportation for the women and children and their few belongings. We will follow their further trials in the next chapter.

In 1902, seven years after Bruederheim and Bruederfeld had been organized, a group of members from the latter congregation set out on a land-hunting expedition of a different type. Our four-day jaunt in two lumber wagons was a lark, but it resulted in the founding of a new colony and the establishing of the congregation of New Sarepta.

CHAPTER VI.

Hard Beginnings

All the families had hard beginnings in the new world. We cannot tell the story of every one, but take a few average examples. That of the Lipperts belongs to this class. He had quite a family and an almost blind wife. The provisions they had obtained were just about exhausted.

In March, 1894, Lippert was hired by an Englishman twelve miles away. He worked for him for two weeks and earned \$6.00, the first Canadian money he got. Prior to that he had excavated a cellar for another Englishman, twelve or fifteen miles from home.

Other families fared no better. Some of the men became sick from undernourishment and superhuman exertions. One family head spent almost half a year in bed, the winter's snow blowing in through the unfinished roof upon his bed. A certain brave woman, Mrs. Julius Riemer, who had given birth to a baby girl in the immigration shed in South Edmonton, had agreed to move out upon their quarter section of land before her husband could build a decent house. Their hut was made of brush, covered over with old bags and blankets. The mother and her three-weeks-old baby slept in the wagon box. Their bedding consisted of hand-picked slough grass. Rains set in and every thing was drenched with water. Mosquitoes became insufferable. Smudges scarcely availed. The mother sat up whole nights trying to ward off the pests from her child.

In some of the families measles broke out. Several of the children felt the after-effects for years. The family of Heinrich Schultz had moved to Bruederheim and, soon after, their children developed measles. Four of them died, and the father had to make their coffins himself out of rough-hewn slabs and conduct their burial as well on a quiet place on his homestead. When I got to Bruederheim they were moved to the newly consecrated church cemetery, and I read the burial service late one afternoon.

A forest fire threatened a settler's home and it was only by heroic efforts that the woman, whose husband was away at work, managed to save the building and its contents with the help of her little children. Another settler's house caught fire accidentally while the father was absent, and his wife could not extinguish the flames. She carried the scars all through her life. Hard beginnings indeed!

Men lost track of the days of the week in one or two instances. A certain brother was caught one Sunday grubbing out in his field. His neighbor discovered the unintentional breach of the Lord's Day when he was riding to meeting past this man's place. He never heard the last of it, but one day the same man rode past the same settler's place and again found

him working on his place. "Hello, neighbor," he cried, "working on Sunday again, I see." "Oh no," the other replied, "you don't catch me a second time; this isn't Sunday." "Indeed it is," said the guardian of the Lord's Day, "and I am on my way to meeting." "Go ahead, if you want to, but I'm going tomorrow." And so they argued back and forth. The former Sabbath breaker was sure of his ground this time and could not be shaken. His accuser did not consider him much of an authority on the calendar and rode in majesty to meeting. At the next place he found another member hard at work on his field. He now recognized his mistake and galloped home.

In Bruederfeld the death of two of the early pioneers left their respective families in destitute circumstances. The first death to occur was that of Friedrich Hoppe. The following year Julius Riemer succumbed. Both left young and helpless children.

One of the saddest tragedies befell a family not at first connected either with Bruederfeld or Bruederheim—the family of Ludwig Stelter, then living at Josephsberg in Assiniboia. They later settled in Bruederheim. Their eleven-year-old girl, Matilda, was lost on the prairie near Josephsberg while looking for the cattle. No trace of her was ever found. The full story, as it was given me in writing after the family settled in Bruederheim, is inserted at the close of this chapter.

Prayer and faith in God were the only things that helped these pioneers through their early hardships and struggles. They would sometimes get together in one of their humble shacks and weep over their sad lot—no comforts, no necessities of life at times, no ordered church life. But after weeping a while some one would start up a song, and then another and another, for many of them were good singers, and they knew many hymns by heart. These old songs cheered them. Then they got down on their knees and prayed and were strengthened, ready to take up tomorrow's burdens with new hope and courage.

Their unfamiliarity with the language also made their beginnings hard. They felt so forlorn in a strange land, among strange people, speaking a strange tongue. During my first year or two I could see how helpless they were in many respects because of their inability to talk English. Few favors were so appreciated as my serving them as interpreter when they had to consult the land office agent, go to a lawyer to draw up their

papers, visit the doctor, the implement dealer, the lumber yards and prospective employers.

But they readily picked up the English language, especially the girls who served as domestics in town. It wasn't long before even the women could transact their business with the merchants quite efficiently, though they tell of many amusing experiences when they wrestled with English. Some of them thought the English language was a very funny sort of speech, quite inferior to their own mother tongue and even to Russian, which some of them spoke with ease. One of the people, Gottfried Schultz, once gave me an interesting example of what he considered a weakness of the English language. He was complaining how when you talked to an Englishman you sometimes could not make out what he was saying, because there seemed to be so few words in English that the same word served for different things. There is some truth to that, but the difference will come out in the spelling, as for example in such words as "aisle" and "isle," "write" and "right," "sight" and "site." But the illustration given by Gottfried Schultz to "prove" the deficiency of the English vocabulary was interesting and amusing, since it showed that he had not yet learned to distinguish some of the niceties of sound in English. He was explaining to me how the Englishman when he talks about his *Hosen* (German for pants) he calls them "pents," when he talks about *Diebel*, which is the German word for the wooden pins or pegs used to fasten logs together, he also calls them "pents." But when the children started going to the excellent Canadian schools they soon learned to speak English more perfectly than many of the children that came with their families from some of the Western States, where the English language, especially its grammar, has been greatly corrupted.

To the credit of even our adult immigrants it must be said that hardships created by the language difficulties were soon conquered, along with other difficulties of early days.

The Story of a Lost Girl.—The Ludwig Stelter family originally came from Russia, where they had become somewhat acquainted with the Moravian Brethren through the *diaspora* workers. For a while they lived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, but early in 1894 they moved to Dunmore, a little town about eight miles east of Medicine Hat, in what was then called the Pro-

visional District of Assiniboia in the Northwest Territories. Mr. Stelter found work at Dunmore as a section-hand. The family at that time consisted of two girls and three boys. The younger of the two girls was called Matilda, a bright, normal child about eleven years old. She could read and write both English and German, had a good memory and knew many songs and children's prayers by heart.

The country round about Dunmore is undulating prairie, typical ranching country at that time, sparsely settled and cut up by numerous so-called coulees or ravines, either with or without streams of water. The Stelters, like others of the villagers, had a few cows that went out grazing in the adjacent prairie during the day, but had to be brought home every evening.

On April 19, 1895, Matilda Stelter and a neighbor's girl of the same age by the name of Neumann had gone for the cows in the late afternoon. Like healthy children they played around in the coulees, where there were trees, which afforded them a special attraction in the otherwise treeless prairies. They loved to swing on the boughs while leisurely looking for the cattle. They were engaged in this innocent pastime on the fateful day. Unknown to them, a neighbor had come along on horseback and had taken the Stelter and Neumann cows home. When the girls were finally ready to start for home, they could not find their cows—they were gone. It was getting dark, but they were afraid to return without the cows, so they started to search for them far and wide. They lost their bearings and could no longer tell in which direction their home lay.

When the girls did not arrive, their fathers became alarmed and started out in search of them. When the fathers failed to return within a reasonable time, the mothers became deeply concerned. They went over to Mr. Dixon, the kindly village store keeper, and asked for a lantern. Seeing what it meant to them, he gave them all the lanterns he had in the store and notified others to assist in the search.

After several hours the Neumann girl was found, exhausted and frightened. She told them that they had become confused and that Matilda had gone off in an opposite direction. After a good night's rest she had quite recovered from her terrible experience, but could tell nothing more than that they had become lost in the increasing darkness.

Meanwhile the search for the Stelter girl was continued for practically all night without discovering a trace of her. About four in the morning the searchers returned to the village for consultation, food and rest. At day-break more help was offered. The section foreman released all available men from their duties. The entire community was aroused and talked of nothing else. The only doctor in Medicine Hat came out to join the searchers for the next few days, in order to be on hand to render professional aid. Many stories of heroism could be told about the assistance rendered on all sides. Laborers collected money and hired Indians who were trained in nature's ways and knew the country intimately. Livery barn owners gave their horses and men, free of charge, to help in the effort. Cowboys, who also knew all the coulees perfectly, joined in the search.

For two weeks the search continued incessantly, but the difficulties seemed insuperable. The deep ravines, the very high cut-banks, the heavy undergrowth lining the tortuous creeks—all this made the task of thoroughly scouring the country practically hopeless. One unfortunate circumstance was the fact that a convention of police was being held about this time some fifty miles from Medicine Hat, leaving only a few men on duty. When the others returned they also did everything in their power.

One theory was that some Indians picked up the exhausted girl and took her with them. Even after the organized search had been given up, everybody traversing that vast prairie kept a sharp lookout for possible clues, such as pieces of cloth, or fragments of bones that were brought in to be examined to determine whether they were human. One of our Moravian ministers, E. Suemper, once came upon a skull in the dry stream bed in one of the coulees, but experts declared that it was the skull of an adult Indian. Even as late as 1920 a rumor, that Indians traveling near New Sarepta in Alberta had a white woman in their band, was followed up, but to no avail. A reward of fifty dollars, a big sum in those days, was offered by kind friends to any one that could give information solving the mystery. To this day it remains a secret, which only eternity will divulge.

CHAPTER VII.

Housekeeping Problems

The first huts, it must be remembered, were mere brush affairs. One or two were still standing when I got to Alberta. They had no floors and were so low that you had to stoop to enter. Even the first winter houses, which replaced the twig shelters, were constructed of logs so light that the men and women could carry them together on their shoulders, and had only dirt floors. Housekeeping was reduced to the simplest principles in these rude buildings. The housewife did not have to scrub any floors, did not do much sweeping and never bothered about dusting.

Of kitchen utensils most homes had very few. One young couple started out with a single kettle, which the bride had borrowed from her mother. In that kettle she cooked her potatoes, stewed her rabbits and boiled her tea. There were a few extra cups and saucers. If visitors came, they were served first.

Most of the house furnishings were crude home-made affairs: bedsteads, stools, tables. Many of the men were handy with tools, if only they had had more of them. Even so they could make very neat wooden tubs and pails, as well as such simpler things like mixing bowls, kneading troughs, rolling pins and mangles. They worked mostly the clean, odorless, white wood of the aspen or trembling poplar.

Flour was used very sparingly for bread the first year or two. It served as one of the chief ingredients for soup, rabbit stews and other concoctions. Barley meal was largely used in lieu of wheat flour for bread. One brother related how he came into possession of a quantity of barley, for which one of the children had worked. He made a heavy wooden stamper, with which he crushed the grain until it was reduced to a coarse meal. This was baked into little barley loaves in true biblical fashion, on which the family subsisted a long time.

Housekeeping problems during the first winter or two were partially solved by the prevalence of rabbits, as is mentioned in another connection. They occurred in great abundance from 1894 to 1895 and even the following winter, but then were due to disappear or at least to diminish greatly in accordance with their seven-year cycle. They proved a great help in the pioneer kitchen; but a too steady diet of rabbit meat without proper seasoning became almost too much for the people, who, like the

Israelites of old, finally became surfeited with them. The rabbits were caught in pits, because ammunition was scarce and expensive. Some of the settlers did not even own a shot gun. The rabbits were commonly stewed but the settlers prepared them in a variety of other ways too. Some were salted or pickled to be made into a sour hare soup. If the cooks had fat, they could fry some of the meat. But sometimes they did not even have salt and then the rabbits must have been unpalatable. Nevertheless, on the whole, the people accepted them as a veritable godsend and were truly grateful for these providential supplies in a time of near-famine.

Pork, so greatly relished by people in cold countries, was a rare delicacy for a long time. Some of the people could not raise pigs for several years, because they did not have the necessary feed for them.

There were other early trials of housekeeping. One family had no matches for a long time. They were obliged to keep glowing embers in their ashes to rekindle their fire when mealtime came. Kerosene lamps were not always a part of the home equipment, either because the settlers had not yet acquired such a luxury or because they could not afford to buy "coal oil" at sixty cents a gallon. In one home I found they had a little lamp and a small quantity of kerosene in it, but there was no chimney, and so the dim flame smoked up the room and filled the place with an unpleasant odor. Tallow candles were used by some of the people, but, as can be imagined, they produced poor light even in the smallest shack. But that was far better than what I found in one settler's hut. He had nothing in the way of commercial illumination, so he took a shallow dish, placed some liquid skunk grease in it, and twisted a piece of rag into a wick, which projected over one side of the dish. The tiny flame that flickered at the end of the wick was supposed to lighten the settler's humble dwelling during one of those long and dreary winter nights, which lasted from four in the afternoon to nine in the morning. When Mrs. Hoyler joined me in Alberta and we were invited to stay for supper, that was one of the things she sorely missed—a bright, cheery evening-lamp on the supper table. What a privilege for us today to enjoy our brilliant light! And, of course, our Canadians now have those same conveniences which we are accustomed to: electric lights even in many of the rural sections, or some of the mantle-burning lamps which

turn night into day where power lines have not been run. Some of the more prosperous farmers installed their own lighting system after not too many years, the Delco system becoming quite popular.

CHAPTER VIII.

Efforts at Earning a Livelihood

Many of our Alberta Moravians were poor. They had little money left after they got to their new homes. Some of the families were large. Naturally the parents tried to find work for their able-bodied sons, even those that should have been attending school, if schools had existed. Some of the people, not able to find jobs for their children, were willing to let them work out for their "keep."

Some of the people succeeded in getting jobs near home. Several women, like Mrs. Riemer, tried berry-picking. Wild strawberries were quite plentiful the first year or two, but mosquitoes were so pestiferous that it was almost impossible to gather the luscious fruit hidden in the grass, where the mosquitoes lurked and swarmed to attack those who disturbed them. Taking the berries to town on foot the pickers received such pitifully small cash returns that it was most discouraging. Mrs. Riemer once told me that she got \$1.00 for a large water pail full of the finest strawberries.

Mrs. Gottfried Schultz got some jobs near town—scrubbing, washing, cleaning. She had to walk back and forth every day, a distance of five miles or more. In the evening after she got home, she helped her husband in the hay fields till it was dark, and in summer darkness does not set in until 10 o'clock or later. Meanwhile their eleven-year-old daughter Julia got work in a home a mile and a half south of South Edmonton for \$2.00 a month.

Gottfried Schultz himself expected to realize something from his hay-making enterprise. Luxuriant grass grew everywhere in the rich meadows and lowlands and he hoped to sell his crop for a fair cash price. When he was ready to market his hay, nobody wanted it. Finally Mrs. Schultz herself borrowed a wagon and took a load to town on her own responsibility. But she, too, had difficulty in disposing of it. In the end a Mr. Malcolm MacIntyre used his influence with one of the merchants to take it off her hands. He paid a sack of inferior flour for the

hay, and even one hundred pounds of fairly good flour in those days, so-called "Strong Bakers," could be had for \$1.50 or less.

Shortly after this, Mrs. Schultz found a market for the rest of their hay. Near where her daughter Julia worked there was a family that had a number of cows but not much hay of their own. So Mrs. Schultz ventured to call on the people in hope of doing business with them. To her joy, the woman could talk German—a very friendly young housewife. Mrs. Schultz told her story in her own straightforward, winsome way, whereupon the young woman explained matters to her English-speaking husband. The latter at once consented to take the entire hay crop and offered \$30.00 cash. He also loaned his team to Schultz, so that he could haul the hay to the man's place. For this he got an additional \$6.00. He also got a job digging a well for a neighbor at fifty cents per foot. In this way he earned \$10.00 in three days—a veritable fortune. These people did a great deal for the Schultz family, and the latter were always very grateful to them.

Mrs. Schultz also tried another scheme for raising money. She had bought a few chickens with her strawberry money. During the first harvest she walked to Irvine's place near town every day to gather the loose barley heads lying on the field. She beat them out with a stick and took the grain home for her chickens. Moreover, she gathered the loose oats spilled at the grain warehouse in South Edmonton.

One of the large Bruederfeld families was that of Ludwig Henkelmann. They had a number of boys and one young girl who was suffering from a mastoid, the after-effects of an attack of scarlet fever. The oldest daughter was married and still resided in Volhynia. The father, a skilled carpenter, was especially good at building log houses. He could do the most beautiful dove-tailing at the corners. He soon got jobs at his trade and earned fifty cents a day, putting up buildings for Andreas Stoltz, August Paul and a shoemaker by the name of Buhrer, who lived on a homestead some miles southeast of Bruederfeld. His shop was in South Edmonton and his family worked the farm. Every Saturday evening he passed our house on the way to his homestead, where he spent Sunday with his family.

The oldest Henkelmann boy, Gottfried, was twenty and started to work off the \$100.00, which the father owed Andreas Stolz. The boy was hired for a year at \$50.00. Another son, Gustav,

sixteen years old, got a job with a German Catholic family ten miles northeast of Edmonton, about twenty miles from home. He earned four dollars a month. A younger boy, Samuel, also worked for this Catholic for a while.

These Henkelmanns had still another son, the second oldest, Ludwig, Jr., who experienced hardships all his own. He had gotten a job when he was eighteen and worked at it eight days, when the man gave him fifty cents or $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per day, less than the cost of a postage stamp for a letter to Russia.

The aforementioned shoemaker, Fred Buhrer, then told them of a settler about ten miles east of Edmonton, who wanted to hire a boy. So Mrs. Henkelmann started out with Ludwig to find this man's place. They missed the road, and as neither could talk English they wandered around all day in their fruitless search, finally returning to Edmonton and from there to Bruederfeld.

Another large family was that of Wilhelm Drebert—all boys. Their oldest son was Adolph. He had gone to work for a man by the name of Hewitt, a mason by trade, who lived about half-way between Bruederfeld and town. Young Drebert had considerable difficulty collecting his wages. He called for them again and again, but without success. Finally Hewitt gave him a sick calf and Drebert accepted it in settlement. Fortunately the calf did not die. A second son, Julius, tried to get a job in a local coal mine, but failed, though he applied six times. Next the father bought a whipsaw, hoping that the boys could earn a little money in that way. But in winter the green logs were frozen so hard that the saw did not work. Finally young Drebert went to work without pay, just to earn his living and not have to help eat up the bread at home. The aforesaid Adolph later had interesting experiences as a sheep-herder in Assiniboia.

Another young Bruederfelder, by the name of Ludwig Martins, tells of some of his earliest efforts at earning a livelihood. The first summer he earned \$12.00, practically all he had to live on. In those days they made bread out of bran. In winter he worked for Fuhrhop for practically nothing more than his meals and a few extras. His footwear consisted of old bags, clumsily tied about his feet. One time he worked for three days for a small lamp. He also tells about the poor prices people got for their produce. Potatoes brought eight cents a bushel, eggs eight

cents a dozen, butter eight cents a pound, and oftentimes nobody wanted to buy their butter and they had to take it home again.

The people in Bruederheim fared no better in trying to earn a little money. In some ways they were worse off, because they lived so much farther from all markets. When Gustav Werner first landed at the immigration shed in South Edmonton, he got a job out on the Reserve and worked at it for eight days; by way of wages the farmer agreed to haul him and his family and meager effects to Bruederheim. He was a big man, six feet three inches, able-bodied and strong. He decided to make hay for sale. He had to make it all by hand, cutting the grass with a scythe. Altogether he made forty loads. His stack measured forty feet in length, eighteen feet in width and correspondingly in height. He could not dispose of it that fall or winter. The rabbits were very numerous and destructive that year, and when he finally got rid of it the following spring, he realized on it the fabulous amount of \$25.00 or sixty cents a load. Werner also mentions how little he got for other products: six cents a dozen for eggs; eight cents in trade for a pound of butter exchanged for salt at retail price.

One of the Bruederheimers, Julius Prochnau, tried his fortune weaving baskets out of willow withes, especially the red-osier dogwood shoots or kinnickinnick suckers. He wove bushel baskets, market baskets, wash baskets, and general utility baskets. Some were beautifully made. He cooked the withes in a long bath to make them pliable and to remove the bark more easily. We bought one of his wash baskets. It lasted a long time and finally served as a bassinet for our first-born child. He also made some of his own tools, as e.g. an augur bit. For this purpose he secured just a plain strip of iron about an inch wide, heated it in his home-made forge and twisted it to make it look like the shank of a store augur. On the upper end he made a loop for the insertion of a wooden handle to turn it; the lower end he laboriously filed down to give it the point with thread and cutting flanges.

Wilhelm Schultz, near Mud Lake, did the same and also made knives or blades for his planes. Somebody gave him a piece of broken whipsaw, out of which he manufactured various widths and types of blade for insertion into the blocks that constituted the holders of his cutting blades. Being of fine quality steel they took a perfect edge. He made planes for tongue and groove work,

rabbets, etc. With his planes Schultz made wooden pails and other utensils, selling them for a modest sum and thus acquiring a little cash.

One of his boys, ten years old, was hired out to a farmer for one year for the munificent sum of \$10.00. And that was not cash, but produce, namely a certain number of bushels of barley. But that barley was put to good use, as related in the preceding chapter. The father made a heavy wooden stamper, with which he crushed the grain and converted it into a coarse meal, on which his family subsisted for a long time.

Another boy of the same family, fifteen years old, worked for a certain Mr. Thomas for \$18.00 a year and his clothing. The \$18.00 were not paid in cash but in grain. Cash was a rare article in that family. They could not sell their butter and eggs, could not even dispose of these products in trade. Edmonton had only two stores in those days, and if a third one started up, one of the others had to go to the wall. Only after four years a market gradually developed. For the first three years the family could not raise a pig, as they had nothing to feed it. Once another family butchered a pig and took it to town to sell. They got two and a half cents per pound for dressed meat. Often the people had to take their produce back home again, because no one cared for it. In the second or third year the Schultzes had a little grain to sell. They had to haul it forty miles to market. They traveled largely by night, walking behind their sleighs and often freezing their faces in the bitter cold. And all they got for the best of their wheat was thirty cents a bushel.

Other Bruederheim families made similar experiences. The story of Leopold Lippert reads like a chapter from famine days. Lippert had \$1.00 left when he got to Winnipeg—one dollar and a family of six children and a sick, half-blind wife. After the family arrived in Bruederheim and moved on to their homestead, their privations began in earnest.

Lippert looked for work. Some twelve or fifteen miles away there was an English family whom he sought out. He couldn't speak a word of English, but by means of signs he could make them understand that he would like to work. They took him away some distance and told Lippert to start digging a cellar. It was hard work. The ground was frozen like a rock, but Lippert did not let the people down. After a number of days he worried about his family. He had left no provisions worth speak-

ing of, for he had none to leave for them. He felt a strong urge to go back to see how they were faring. The English farmer gave him forty pounds of flour and a pig's head. Then he started homeward, a distance of twelve miles. The snow was two feet deep. When he was within two miles of his shack, his strength failed. By making a superhuman effort he roused himself once more and continued on his way, his bundle of provisions getting heavier by the minute. When his children spied him, they came running out to meet him and were overjoyed at the sight of the pig's head. His family had not had anything to eat for twenty-four hours. One of the little boys had begged his mother to go to the well and to haul some eatables out of it, as he had seen her get water.

One of the young men of Bruederheim also had his share of hardships—Gustav Bartz. He finally got a job at thirty cents a day. He had to walk two miles every morning and evening. During the day he cut timber. It was a cold winter and his clothing was inadequate, so he suffered much from the weather. For a while he worked for Mr. Leslie at Spring Creek (Bruederheim) and got fifty cents a day. On these wages he decided to marry. He had managed to acquire eighty pounds of flour, which had to last the newly-weds till Christmas. He had no other financial resources, no bank account, no cash to amount to anything.

They were godly young people and they prospered. They raised a fine family. Their income of necessity rose many hundred-fold over their first year's receipts, and so they could buy all the food required for the family over and above what they raised on their farm. After they had been married twenty years, their grocery bill at one Bruederheim store alone amounted to over \$1,000.00 for that year.

There were other ways of earning money. Distant pastures always seem greenest, and so several of our young men thought they could better themselves by going farther afield. Calgary looked promising from the standpoint of remunerative employment. It was a much larger place than Edmonton at that time—having a couple thousand people against Edmonton's eight hundred. (Today, 1949, Calgary has a population of about 100,000 and Edmonton over 135,000). One of the first to try Calgary was a young fellow—I think it was the son of Ludwig Henkelmann—who started out all alone on foot, a distance by trail of over two hundred miles. He took no money with him, as he had

none. He took no provisions along, as his people could not spare any. He hoped to do odd jobs by the way and thus earn a meal now and then. He got to Calgary all right, walked around for many days, but found no work. In despair he turned homeward. Famished and well-nigh dead he arrived in Bruederfeld one Sunday morning, while his people were at a neighbor's for service. Upon their return they found him lying on a bed, with swollen feet, completely exhausted, scarcely able to speak. He had walked nearly half a thousand miles in a vain search for work and came home in a starving condition.

Another time a quartet of young men from Bruederfeld—Adolph Drebert, Christian Seutter, Fred and Gus Henkelmann—decided to try the south country also. At Otoskwan, a little siding some twelve miles south of Edmonton, they boarded a coal car. They paid the brakeman fifty cents each, and for this tip he allowed them to ride all the way to Calgary. In Calgary they heard about the coal mines near Lethbridge, and they thought they might get work there. But they had to walk to Lethbridge, a distance of ninety miles. They went out to one of the mines, looked down the shaft and, as Seutter told me, were frightened at the thought of going down into the bowels of the earth. They preferred to explore the possibility of finding work on the surface of the earth.

So they returned to the city of Calgary and visited the railroad yards, intending to catch a ride on a freight train heading east. But a young policeman caught them while attempting to enter an empty boxcar and, by a clever ruse, persuaded them to accompany him to the barracks where they were jailed for the night. At their hearing the next morning the magistrate was so impressed with the honest intentions of the men, who in their great need sought to find work, that he made arrangements with the C. P. R. to allow them to travel east; he even wished them a safe journey and saw to it that they got some lunch for the trip.

After traveling some 260 miles the four men came to a place in Assiniboia, where section hands were needed, and so they took a job with the C. P. R. Later they worked for some sheep ranchers in the area and remained about a year and a half.

Before closing this chapter on efforts at earning a livelihood, one specially unique narrative deserves recounting. It is the story of one of the Bruederheimers, Adolph Schultz, who decided to go gold-washing with several non-Moravian neighbors.

Schultz put his last \$4.00 into the pool, the money being used for grub-staking and for a few other necessary supplies and equipment. They went up the Saskatchewan River several days' journey, enduring many hardships and dangers. High water interfered with their operations. Their "grizzly" for washing and screening the gold-bearing sand proved very defective. They finally got a few lumps of gold amalgam for which they thought they ought to get fifteen to twenty dollars, but the buyer in Edmonton gave them only \$8.00 for it. The party had been gone a month, worked hard, suffered much and now got \$2.00 each with a little powder, after investing \$4.00 apiece.

In the case of Adolph Schultz the worst was yet to come. He had felt anxious about his family for some time. How had they fared while he was absent? When he was within a few miles of his home he stopped at a farm house and was given something to eat. The people casually dropped a remark about some German family some miles farther on that had had some sad experience. They could not tell the name, but Schultz feared the worst. He pushed on to his place. The first glimpse he had of his wife, as she walked out in the farm yard, revealed the sad, haggard countenance of a woman who had gone through sorrow and trials. The truth was soon revealed. While he was gone, all his children had been sick; two had died. Only the kindness of some neighbors had helped the stricken family over the dark days. An English Methodist minister had conducted the funerals, reading a short passage from their German Bible and performing the last sad rites as best he could. A sorrowful home-coming, if ever there was one!

Adolph Schultz was quite musical and led the Bruederheim band for many years. He attained a ripe old age and went to his eternal rest after having served the congregation faithfully and well. Of him it can be truly said: "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." Psalm 126:5

CHAPTER IX.

Tragedy and Comedy of Travel

Living a considerable distance from Edmonton, the chief market in the district, our Moravians, especially those in Bruederheim, had a long way to go to market their produce. In the winter time such a trip was fraught with real hardships. The first year or two many had to travel by ox team. They would spend one night on the trail each way, as well as a night or two in town. Such a trip generally consumed just about a full week. They had to sleep outdoors, summer or winter, and ate mostly cold food, with some tea brewed over a fire beside the trail. At night they bundled up in their heavy fur coats and crept under the hay which they had to take along for their oxen or horses. Some of these outfits came from even beyond Bruederheim, and as weather conditions were unpredictable in those days, when meteorological forecasts were not made, it frequently happened that the travelers encountered stormy and bitterly cold weather.

An occasional dog-team, transporting mail to and from Hudson Bay posts far to the north, would be met with on the Victoria trail. The sledges were generally drawn by six or eight dogs, the driver mostly trotting along behind.

The Hay Lakes country furnished a number of travel stories. A typical one was related to me by an American woman of culture and refinement. Her name was Broadhead and, though her story may sound a bit exaggerated to the uninitiated, I can vouch for the truth of the incident, for I have seen similar things happen and even went through them myself. Said lady originally came from New York City, but had gone out to the Pacific Coast quite some years ago; from California she had now come to Hay Lakes, Alberta, to visit a son who had taken up a homestead in that area.

One Sunday morning, according to Mrs. Broadhead's story, she and her two grandchildren, a grown-up girl and a fifteen-year-old boy, set out in a buggy, drawn by a pony, to visit some other English-speaking people about six miles away. Through some error in judgment they became mired in a slough which they tried to cross. They got deeper and deeper into the soft muck until their pony could get no further. There was nothing for them to do, but to leap out into the water, dressed in their

Sunday best as they were, and unhitch their pony. To do this, the two grandchildren had to reach into the water to detach the tugs from the single-tree. Thereupon all three laboriously waded to higher ground, where they held a solemn conclave as to what to do next. Their plight indeed was desperate. Their dripping garments were clinging to them. They were still a good mile from their destination. They could not go home, because it was too far to walk back, and their buggy was still out in the slough, hopelessly fast.

Eventually they went on to the English settlers where every attention was shown them. They were given dry clothes, their buggy was salvaged, and they spent an interesting day at the home of their friends, probably saying uncomplimentary things about Alberta, after which they returned to the homestead by a safer route.

I admit, the New Sarepta trails were notoriously bad for a long time. As late as 1948, Bishop Shawe, when he got stuck in a mudhole on his way from the church to Cooking Lake, says that the roads reminded him of those in Africa. In the summer of 1908 road conditions to and around New Sarepta became notoriously bad. Some of our people at times were in serious danger. A certain family, composed of father and mother and two small children, upset with their "democrat" at a treacherous place and were thrown bodily into the mire, with the conveyance partly on top of them. Only by a miracle were they able to extricate themselves.

One of the settlers in that country, not a member, lost a horse by drowning in what we came to call Fish Creek. When that creek was swollen by continuous rain it looked like a raging torrent. With heavy horses and a big lumber wagon, the wayfarer might hope to get through Fish Creek. But to try to cross it with a single horse and a light buggy would be as much as a man's life was worth. I feel that I was providentially saved from what might have resulted in disaster, had not my horse become lame one Saturday morning when I should have set out for New Sarepta to fill my regular Sunday appointment and Fish Creek was in flood.

The significant experience of Mrs. W. C. Schattschneider should be inserted here. She came to Alberta as a bride soon after the turn of the century and had to make the trip from Heimtal to Bruederheim at a time when road conditions were

at their worst. The trip by day was a veritable nightmare, but the first night which she spent in her new home was another nightmare, for in her dreams she seemed to be going through all the experiences of the previous day. Again and again she cried out in her fitful slumbers: "Oh, Will, look out! There is another awful mudhole on this side!"

When I first came to this country, I admit I was very much of a tenderfoot in many respects. But there is one thing I can say without boasting (for it was altogether God's gracious gift) and that is that I soon discovered I could take anything the climate had to offer. The bitterest cold of winter never bothered me. I must have been something of an Eskimo, for I never suffered from low temperatures and never got any frostbites. This fact gave rise to a comment once made by John Schwager in Saskatchewan: "Hoyler is a tough fellow."

As for summer discomforts, apart from the execrable roads which never did me any real bodily harm, mosquitoes were considered the chief affliction. But even these did not bother me. I never had recourse to wearing mosquito-nets, a practice which many followed. The prairie country around Dundurn, Saskatchewan, was the worst place for these pests. When we first moved there, there were no automobiles among the farmers, but they had fast horses for their open buggies. And they drove fast, so fast that the mosquitoes could not keep up with them, even when the wind bore them along.

On the day when the Dundurn people gave us a public open-air reception, at which the village band played, the mosquitoes had a gala time. They pestered the players, who had to slap at their hands and faces between notes. The speakers also were attacked viciously, but one of them, who succeeded me, remarked that he thought I must be a Christian Scientist. Although the insects swarmed all about my head and must have bitten me as mercilessly as the rest, I never brushed them away, thus proving, as he thought, that I did not believe in the reality of mosquito bites.

There was one defect that I noticed several times, however. My sense of direction was not always dependable. Coming as I did from the metropolitan area of New York City, the wide-open spaces of Western Canada, interspersed with occasional timbered areas, all looking more or less alike, confused me more

than once. It was largely a trackless country. What trails there were, were sometimes faint. No sign posts existed anywhere, and no marked highways. More than once I was lost, especially during the first winter or two, as I followed tracks that looked well-worn and promising at first, but eventually led into deep woods, out of which some homesteader was hauling his building logs.

When spring-time came there was new confusion. With the disappearance of the snow, the scenery changed. Winter landmarks were obliterated. During winter we had traveled across sloughs and over lakes. Now these shortcuts were abandoned, and I often was puzzled as to which of several tracks would lead me to my destination. One change that followed the coming of my first Canadian spring, in 1896, was the opening of the Saskatchewan River, which made it necessary to travel on the south side all the way between Bruederfeld and Bruederheim. In later years there were excellent roads through that back country, so that you could easily travel between these two main congregations without touching either Edmonton or Fort Saskatchewan, but originally there was only one convenient route and that took you across the river twice, both at Edmonton and at the Fort.

When I made the last trip before the break-up in the spring of 1896, I found that a lot of water had collected on top of the ice along the shore. Out in the middle of the stream the ice was still perfectly solid. I was using my buggy for the first time for my Bruederheim trip. To reach my destination I simply had to cross the river on the ice. That meant that my horse must first wade through a wide belt of icy water between the shore and the middle of the river. I had no idea whether there would be a sudden drop into the water and then a sudden rise to the solid ice beyond. When I got to the bottom of the hill leading down to the water's edge, my horse eyed the swiftly flowing water suspiciously. It evidently was afraid to venture in. I was at my wit's end. There was no other team in sight, so that I could have seen how they did it or how they fared. Fortunately a half-breed came along. He spoke some English. He finally agreed, for a quarter, to take my horse by the bridle and lead him through the frigid water to the solid ice beyond. He did not take off his shoes or roll up his trousers—he just walked in without so much as a shiver, though the water came up to his knees, and bade me a stolid farewell.

One of the most memorable trips I made is the one I undertook around the Beaver Hills in the fall of 1897. It was noteworthy for two reasons: it was the longest horse-and-buggy-trip I ever made, both as a whole and so far as the final day was concerned, when I covered fully sixty miles; and it was remarkable because on that day I did not see or meet a single human being. There were a number of other interesting sidelights throughout that trip, comic and tragic, historic and geographic, scientific and cultural. It still lingers in my memory as an experience that brought home to me the delight of living on the very fringe of civilization, if not just a bit beyond the pale thereof.

When I think of comedy and tragedy of travel, the old Hay Lake trail still looms large in my recollections. I made some hair-raising experiences traversing it. Often my buggy got caught in hidden roots beneath the water and mud. Shafts were broken, single-trees snapped, tugs were torn and a spring was broken—all on one of my trips. One day I decided to keep count of all the mudholes I negotiated on the way from Bruederfeld to New Sarepta. I did not bother about harmless little puddles, but counted only real humdingers. There were 175 of them, some being of the hair-raising, breath-taking variety. Some of our people fared just as badly as they traveled over the Hay Lake trail. Ludwig Riewe once was skirting along the edge of a slough, which he tried to encircle instead of driving straight through. But the right wheel dropped into a deep depression, while the left wheel remained on higher ground, with the result that his wife was thrown off into the mud, and the heavy wagon almost fell on top of her. Mr. Riewe's watch was thrown out of his pocket at the same time, and so far as I know was never recovered.

During those early years I was always glad when winter came, for then at least there were no bottomless mudholes to flounder through, though drifted roads were bad enough, too. That trail to New Sarepta was shortened considerably in the winter time, when we used to cut across lakes and meadows that were impassable in summer. Lake travel usually was a pleasure, except when the snowdrifts blocked passage. Once I did not get to New Sarepta for an appointment on account of bad snowdrifts. I used to have the reputation of always meeting my engagements. According to report one of the New Sarepta brethren once said:

"Wenn der Bruder Hoyler sagt, dass er kommt, dann kommt er." But on this occasion I had to turn around. With my light cutter and single driver I simply could not buck the drifts and I had to give up the attempt to proceed. The driven snow was not hard enough to bear the cutter and its occupant on top, and when I broke through, probably with one runner only, my position became so precarious that I feared disaster. With great difficulty I got the outfit headed back homeward again. In fact, I had to unhitch the horse, pull the sleigh up and out of the drift and face it in the opposite direction. I dragged it to a place where there was no drift, hitched the horse to my cutter and got back safely to the Bruederfeld parsonage. I had gotten only a mile and a half from home, but it was fully two hours before I got back. I felt chagrined because I had been licked by the weather.

It so happened that Brother Albrecht of Bruederheim was at Bruederfeld at the time (for it was during our Week of Prayer) and when he saw that the snow and the weather had gotten the better of me, he felt that the event was worthy of a celebration. So he later bought me a book on "Physical Geography" and inscribed it as follows: "A Remembrance of the Day when the Physical Geography was such that you could not go to New Sarepta. Jan. 23, 1907. From Charles A. Albrecht." I still have the book in my library. I highly esteemed Brother Albrecht for his sterling qualities and fine sense of humor; he was suddenly called to his eternal reward the day before Memorial Day, 1931, at Waconia, Minnesota. His death caused the first break in the trio of Alberta ministers, who with their wives labored together for so many years in Canada.

Today road conditions are vastly better than they were in the closing years of the last century or during the first decade of the twentieth. Only now people want to travel by car and that often won't go.

CHAPTER X.

Disappointments and Discouragements

There have been some grievous disappointments in our work in Canada. Sad experiences have not been wanting. The very first confirmand in Alberta was convicted of complicity in the robbery and the burning of the store of William Leslie, a good friend of our people, whose ranch house was situated on Spring Creek just across from where the Bruederheim Church and parsonage were located.

As just stated, Leslie had later gone into the store business, and one night during the pastorate of the Rev. C. A. Albrecht the store was burned down and the charred body of Mr. Leslie was afterwards discovered in the ruins. A postmortem examination revealed that he had first been murdered and that the building was evidently set on fire to cover up the greater crime. Though two men were suspected, the murder was never cleared up—one instance where the famous North-west Mounted Police did not “get their man.” While no stain remained on the good name of our Bruederheim congregation, nevertheless the tragedy dealt something of a blow to the settlement as such, because Leslie had befriended the earliest arrivals and was highly thought of by all of us ministers who got to know him.

To offset the foregoing incident, it might be mentioned that my first confirmand in Bruederfeld, Samuel Job, became a trusted policeman in the city of Calgary, and so far as I know remained a faithful guardian of the law. I have a distinct recollection of that first confirmation on “The Reserve.” We had moved our services out of the Stolz house and were meeting on the airy threshing floor of the large hay and grain barn, fragrant with the sweet-smelling meadow hay that had already been stored there for the following winter’s use.

Samuel Job was the oldest of the class. He was a large, powerfully built youth. I have every reason to believe that he had given his heart to Jesus. He was deeply moved when I laid my hands upon his head in blessing. He remained a loyal helper in my work among the young people and a faithful attendant in my wife’s Bible Class. While on the police force in Calgary, he roomed at the parsonage; our minister there, E. Suemper, always spoke well of him.

But to return to the disappointments referred to in the head-

ing of this chapter! The first serious defection that occurred among the ranks of our Alberta Moravians was instigated by a one-time leader of the Volhynian emigrants. He undoubtedly had hoped to become a full-fledged Moravian minister, yet the officers of the Bruederheim congregation protested vigorously against his serving in any capacity other than that of an elder. He and his following then proceeded to establish a rival Protestant Church among the settlers.

A more serious threat, for a while, was the strange stir which a colored representative of the "Church of God" created. He had been working in Edmonton, I believe, and in some way a couple of our Bruederheimers got to hear him and induced him to start up a branch in Bruederheim. Two or three of our families, of whom I would have expected better things, became enamored of him and his ways. Our quiet Moravian ways seemed too tame for them, and they threw themselves enthusiastically behind the colored brother's efforts. In fact one of his ardent "converts" predicted to our good brother Eichelt, G. Werner's father-in-law, a man of solid spiritual understanding and a true lover of our Church, the following dire result as a consequence of the negro's propaganda: "Your Church (meaning the Moravian) will lose all the good wheat, and only the chaff will remain." "Oh, no, you foolish man," retorted Brother Eichelt, "it's the chaff that is blown away; the good wheat remains."

And so it proved. The negro's cause eventually failed. While he had built a little chapel in the village and had also picked up a few non-Moravian adherents, his original supporters did not stick; one family moved to the States, another scattered to the four winds, the older ones died and the children and children's children are back in the fold. Our Bruederheim congregation has had several blessed revivals and the deeper aspirations of the membership are fully satisfied.

Pentecostalism also tried to gain a foothold, but with no success. An ardent Baptist preacher preached in a private house a couple of times, but soon saw the futility of his efforts. All these attempts to disturb our work redounded to the blessing of our cause in the end.

Bruederfeld has also suffered somewhat from withdrawals, but these were largely to her credit. Many members of this congregation were transferred to other settlements and thus helped to establish new congregations. Such was the case especially with

regard to New Sarepta, Bruce and Hobbema, as well as Edmonton. But unfortunately some other denominations also were responsible by interfering unnecessarily with our work. Their cause never prospered especially, but they did disturb our work to some extent.

Calgary has likewise experienced some disturbances. The first occurred in Brother Suemper's time, when the principle of local self-government, borrowed from Congregationalism, caused a mild revolt against the policy of the Moravian Church, which has always stood for a strong, centralized, unified brotherhood—world-wide, Province-wide, District-wide. Quite distinct from this trend, though in part growing out of it, was the unfortunate experience made in connection with the move from the original site of our Calgary Church to a new location on a commanding eminence on the other side of the Bow River. The congregation wished us to sell the old property, for which they had received an offer of \$70,000.00, and to erect a new church on that beautiful site. I had bought the old site, only a few blocks from the heart of the city, for \$800.00 in 1902, and we built a neat little chapel on it for \$700.00. Our District Executive Board endeavored to handle the situation conservatively, but Calgary was booming at that time, and the congregation was enthusiastic about the prospect of great expansion in that new suburban part of the city. The purchaser of the old property made a substantial down-payment and seemed perfectly good for the remaining installments; so a contract was let for a \$40,000.00 brick church and a handsome brick parsonage.

Then the world war broke out, and the bottom dropped out of everything. The purchaser defaulted on his further payments. Meanwhile the congregation had borrowed \$12,000.00 from a certain German to complete the construction of the new plant, pending the payment of the remaining installments on the old property. He now pressed for the repayment of his loan, which had become due. In the end the Provincial Elders Conference secured a loan of \$20,000.00 from the E. P. Wilbur Trust Company in Bethlehem to straighten out the Calgary finances and complete the church. Two of the ministers who served Calgary about that time, also became involved in the financial transactions. The Board of Church Extension repaid the Wilbur Trust Company, but I do not think the other creditors ever got all their money back. When, years later, the magnificent property

atop the hill was exchanged for a church and parsonage a few blocks farther down, which had only a modest value, the difference accrued to the benefit of the Board of Church Extension, who thus could reimburse themselves.

The whole Calgary trouble weighed heavily on the Canadian District Executive Board and constitutes one of the trials and disappointments that we passed through in our work. The congregation presented various problems from time to time, but I want to go on record on behalf of its membership that there always were many sincere and earnest Christians among our people, and some valuable candidates for the ministry and missionary work of the Church were contributed by the congregation.

Other disappointments sometimes oppressed me. One was the difficulty we experienced in securing suitable ministers for our work. There was a time when the Canadian work attracted young men, who could handle the German language. I remember how Arthur R. Schultz once declared that he would not exchange his congregation for any in the Province, and even a member of Provincial Elders' Conference, when on an official visit, stated that if he were a young man he would be glad to serve in Canada. For myself, I can say that I always felt grateful for the privilege of spending thirty of my best years in the Canadian West. If it had not been for the fact that certain atmospheric and physical conditions affected my wife's health adversely, I would not have asked to be transferred to the Western District.

When bi-lingual men became fewer in the ranks of our ministry it grew increasingly difficult to get men to accept a call to Canada, where they had to use the German. Sometimes we were able to solve our problems by importing men from Germany, like Herman Schulze, Johannes Fliegel and Alfred Weiss. Sometimes we secured men from other denominations like Hapfel, Anhorn, and Heuer, or made use of temporary supplies like Bahnmann, Schimpke and Ewald. Even our own Canadian born and bred men seem to prefer service in the States. This may be due in part to the fact that they fear a prophet will be without honor in his own country. Salaries, too, are more attractive in the States than they are in Canada, and that has caused us some disappointments.

CHAPTER XI.

Sunshine After Shadow

The Province of Alberta has come to be spoken of very generally as "Sunny Alberta." The designation is well-deserved. It enjoys an unusually high percentage of sunshine. However, the great amount of strong, glaring sunlight, with its concomitant condition of dryness of atmosphere, causes discomfort to some people, especially during the summer months, when there is so little absolute darkness.

Occasionally I would sing the old popular melody, "Immer heiter, immer froehlich, Alle Tage Sonnenschein," and then my wife would comment: "Yes, that is just the trouble, so far as I am concerned; there is too much sunshine, with its resultant dryness of the air." She always felt best in rainy weather and on wash-days, when there was plenty of moisture in the air she breathed.

Well, even "Sunny Alberta" could have her rainy spells, times when it rained so constantly and copiously that farmers almost despaired of getting their field work done. Then roads became impassable, bridges were swept away, and people became hopelessly mired even on important arteries of communication. More than once I spent three hours on the way from Bruederfeld to South Edmonton, a distance of scarcely eight miles. About half a mile west of the Bruederfeld parsonage a bit of road began which often was one of the most execrable stretches I had to traverse. Along the road allowance a wet-weather stream meandered. It drained a meadow or marsh on the Riemer quarter section and often half submerged the roadway, where vehicles were meant to travel between the adjoining fences. At the intersection of road-allowances one mile west of the church this meandering stream formed a deep morass right in the corner where the Sandy Lake trail came in and joined our Hay Lakes trail. Late one summer night, as I was returning from town, I noticed that a horse had foundered in that morass close to the "road." It was lying helpless in the mud and water and evidently was unable to regain its feet. It seemed totally exhausted from its futile struggles.

I decided to go back toward town a mile or more and to secure the help of Gottfried Henkelmann in trying to rescue the

poor animal from its predicament. He had already retired, but he got up and accompanied me to the crossing. Together, with the help of ropes, we tried to get the animal on its feet, but all our efforts were in vain. We finally had to leave the horse to its fate and it died that very night. A few days later countless maggots were feasting on the putrid flesh, but it was days before they could finish their job and put an end to the unbearable stench. A few years later the wicked spot was put in order; an adequate bridge was installed at the intersection where the Sandy Lake trail crossed the one-time meandering stream. Today the wayfarer would not believe that any stray horse could have foundered in that location, even in rainy weather.

They tell the story of an American land-seeker, who, lured to the Edmonton District by this very slogan, "Sunny Alberta," had come to look the country over, ready to establish his home in the Canadian promised land. But it so happened that when he arrived in Edmonton he encountered one of those unbroken rainy spells. Day after day, for over a week, there was an incessant downpour of rain. The man did not so much as get a glimpse of the sun the entire time he was at Edmonton, and ultimately in utter disgust he returned to the States. "Sunny Alberta," indeed! He probably went back and told his neighbors down in Iowa: "Why, those Edmonton people don't even know what the sun looks like!"

Our people in Alberta experienced such dark days, too, from time to time, both literally and figuratively, but undeterred by clouds and shadows they decided to stay on. In fact, they could scarcely do otherwise. It was impossible for them to return to Volhynia. Nor did they have the means to move elsewhere in the hope that fortune might smile upon them in other places. So they remained, and sooner or later they were rewarded. The sunshine of God's favor beamed upon them. The clouds lifted and hope returned. A better day began to dawn: "Sunshine after Shadow," joyous reaping after tearful sowing!

We ministers rejoiced with our people when they were gladdened by abundant harvests, safely garnered in. We were happy to see them rewarded so bountifully for their heavy toil, but we were also concerned lest with growing prosperity they should forget God. This is what the Rev. Abraham Hager, a Swiss Baptist minister once said in a public address delivered in the Bruederfeld church: "I do not fear for you while you are

passing through hardships. The real danger will come when wealth will fall to your lot."

It was interesting to note the gradual material advancement of the people: larger fields and bigger harvests; modern farm machinery and the latest equipment for up-to-date agricultural methods; better homes and richer household furnishings; larger barns and convenient out-buildings; comfortable two-seated top-buggies and finally expensive automobiles; modern conveniences in their farm-homes. What a change from the original ox-teams and heavy lumber-wagons, rude log houses and primitive mode of living! Prosperity did indeed come. A few may have been swept into the current of materialism, but by and large it may be said after more than fifty years, much of the early simplicity of faith and godliness of life has been retained even unto the third and fourth generation. The finer, spiritual qualities have not been lost; the attachment to God's house has not ceased; the liberal support of missions and other church enterprises has not waned; the new generation of young people are still imbued with interest in God's work; the increasing number of young men offering for the ministry and missionary service—all this and much more betokens an undiminished purpose to continue promoting vital Christianity and building the kingdom of God.

Widespread revivals were experienced during the earlier years; similar experiences are not uncommon down to the very present. May God grant that with the passing of time true spirituality may continue to mark the work of the Canadian District. Encroaching worldliness, so widely noted elsewhere, may not leave our Canadian congregations entirely unscathed, yet it is to be hoped that the fires of genuine love for God and His Word may never die out among the children and children's children of the early pioneers, whose sturdy faith and rugged Christianity laid a deep and strong foundation in those first years of hardship and trial.

There is a brighter lustre in the life of a congregation than mere temporal prosperity. There is a more glorious light in the soul of men than the mere brightening of earthly prospects. And so we hope that the fleeing of the early shadows in Alberta and the entire Canadian District may be followed all through the coming years by an increasingly marked effusion of the divine light, so that many souls may learn to sing:

"There is sunshine in my soul today,
 More glorious and bright
 Than glows in any earthly sky,
 For Jesus is my light.

CHORUS: Oh, there's sunshine, Blessed sunshine,
 While the peaceful, happy moments roll;
 When Jesus shows His smiling face,
 There is sunshine in my soul."

CHAPTER XII.

Spiritual Harvests

From time to time the Lord granted us special seasons of ingathering of precious souls, who experienced the power of saving grace, in fulfillment of His promise that His Word should not return unto Him void. I remember a number of these periods during the thirty years of my ministry in Canada, and there have been others during the subsequent days even unto the present time.

Throughout the year 1904 things began to happen in Bruederfeld, which presaged the coming of refreshing rains—showers of blessing from on high. Inquirers began to call at the parsonage, seeking spiritual counsel and comfort for burdened hearts. Young people's work took on a new aspect, with helpful meetings during the week and a Bible class of forty or fifty on Sunday, taught by Mrs. Hoyler. The midweek services grew in interest and attendance, so much so that additional prayer meetings began to be held in the homes of the people, especially in outlying sections to the south and southeast of the church.

Looking back over the intervening years, I now feel that it was at these neighborhood meetings that the great revival of 1905 had its birth and real inception. They were held in humble, primitive log cabins, erected by the hardy pioneers during their early struggles. The Holy Spirit could work without restraint amid such surroundings, where temporal interests did not divert attention all too much from the things of eternity. So it was but natural that people should begin to feel a genuine desire for a fuller and richer life in God. Some of them, indeed, began to realize in a very poignant way their lost condition, and earnestly sought their salvation. Before long these "cottage" prayer

meetings took on the character of out and out revival meetings, according to the best traditions of Moravian evangelism.

In December, 1904, an entire week of services was arranged for in various homes on the outskirts of the settlement, some of the homes being those of non-members. The Rev. G. Henkelmann and I took turns in conducting these meetings, which ultimately resulted in several definite conversions. I will mention one such case, which grew out of these meetings, though the climax did not come until some time after 1904.

One Sunday morning during Lent I was aroused from my sleep by a loud knock at our front door. It was still quite dark—about 3:30 A.M. I hastened downstairs to let my early caller in. I found a young married man at the door, who earnestly begged me to come to his log hut on the southern border of the colony, in order that I might administer Holy Communion to his sick wife.

When I arrived at the home, I soon forgot about her illness, serious though it may have been, because I learned to my great joy that she had at last found the peace of heart and soul for which she had been praying so long. This fact overshadowed everything else. The sacrament, of which the three of us partook that early Sunday morning in the solemn quiet of a humble home where Jesus dwelt, still lives very vividly in my memory. After further happy converse, I bade the young couple good-bye and hastened back to my home to finish my preparations for the morning service. Before I began my sermon I told the congregation about my experience that morning. A deep impression was made on the audience. I believe God spoke to more than one person that morning.

The fire that had been kindled in the outlying woods of Bruederfeld began to spread. Strange to say, the flames first reached the city of Stratheona, where a new work had been launched only a few weeks earlier in a one-time pump-shop that we had bought from the German Baptists, who had converted it into a chapel.

Concerning the Stratheona meetings, the Bruederfeld diary records that during the closing days of 1904 "times of refreshing from the Lord" were experienced. I can still recall some of the incidents, including the prayers of a certain Lithuanian, who came to the meetings, but especially the striking experience of a young girl, whose godly mother had been praying for her

and who now had the joy of seeing her only child Emilie find peace and pardon at one of the Strathcona meetings.

On the 9th of January, 1905, special evangelistic services were begun in the Bruederfeld church. The very first night it became apparent that God intended to manifest Himself to us. From evening to evening the interest grew. People heard what the Lord had done on the southern fringe of the parish and in the city of Strathcona. They expected equally great things in their own church. So they came in large numbers on foot and by bob-sled. Some walked four and five miles even in bitter cold weather. The services sometimes lasted from two to three hours without a dull moment. There was no excitement, but just a deep, earnest spirit. We ministers always helped each other out at these meetings, and so there were generally two short addresses. The Brethren G. Henkelmann, C. A. Albrecht and E. Suemper in turn rendered valuable assistance. We all preached the atonement, the necessity of the new birth, and the readiness of the Saviour to receive sinful men. There was a lot of hearty singing, with and without hymnbooks.

Opportunity was given for voluntary prayer. As many as twenty to thirty availed themselves of this privilege each night. Young and old participated. There were many broken, halting prayers, which betokened deep spiritual anxiety. Others struck a note of joy and praise. We did not ask people to raise their hand or stand up or come forward to a mourner's bench. We simply invited them to pour out their hearts in prayer directly to God, as we all lay upon our knees before the throne of grace. We recognized the voices of those who prayed, and singled them out for interviews after the meeting or—and this was the usual method—we visited them in their homes the next morning and dealt with them personally in the quiet of their own abode.

About the third night after the meetings began in Bruederfeld, we had the joy of hearing the first notes of praise and thanksgiving for peace and pardon received. Thereafter these testimonies increased almost nightly. A wave of spiritual power swept through the congregation, gripping particularly many of the young people. One of the evenings was set apart especially for them, although everybody was welcome to attend that youth meeting. The church was crowded. There were many young people in Bruederfeld in those days. That night I think they were all in church. The address was on the words: "The Master is

come and calleth for thee." Many took part in prayer that night. And such prayers! Prayers mostly by the young men and the young women in the audience.

A second youth meeting was arranged for the following Sunday night. This time it was announced that no married people or older adults should attend, although, as I remember, one or two did manage to get in and were sitting in a dark corner away back in the gallery. The Bruederfeld diary, under date of January 15, 1905, contains this entry: "It was an exceedingly solemn service . . . Never before have I witnessed such gripping and impressive scenes. I truly believe that a lasting blessing will result. God grant it!"

And God did grant it. Years later, and even in 1944, 1945 and 1946, when I was privileged to visit Alberta, the fruits of the revival among the young people of Bruederfeld and neighboring congregations were in evidence on all sides.

But the spiritual movement of that memorable January, 1905, was not yet at an end. For three solid months, almost nightly meetings were held in Bruederfeld, while in the meantime similar scenes were being enacted in other congregations. For a while the meetings were transferred to private homes in various sections of the parish, especially during my absence while I assisted with evangelistic services elsewhere. These neighborhood services were conducted by the elders and others, but the attendance became so large that none of the modest homes of those days could accommodate the people. So, on February 18, 1905, it was decided to return to the church. That evening the prayer meeting was attended by 175 people, a truly large audience for those times.

The fires of revival blazed up afresh. More people than ever took part in prayer. As many as forty different voices could be heard some nights. In consequence of this renewed outpouring of the spirit of prayer, more and more pastoral calls had to be made. The strength of the Alberta ministers began to flag. It was deemed necessary to call for outside help. An invitation was extended to the Rev. Henry Richter, then pastor at Goshen, North Dakota, to come to Alberta and to help draw in the Gospel net. He arrived on the 10th of March. God graciously crowned his labors with success. His fresh and vigorous testimony struck deeply into the hearts of the people. He had a very effective way of dealing with inquirers, as we went from home to home during the day. He

spent three weeks with us, assisting in Bruederfeld, Heimtal, Stratheona, Bruederheim and New Sarepta. His work was particularly fruitful among young people. In later years he often spoke of his Canadian experiences; in fact he subsequently paid a return visit to Alberta for a second evangelistic campaign, especially in Calgary.

While many of the results of the 1905 revival were noticeable among young people, it must not be supposed that the older ones were left uninfluenced. Many of them were blessedly affected. I recall one elderly couple who had lived in a part of Volhynia where Moravian *diaspora* workers had not operated, and who had not, like others, been grounded in the faith before coming to Canada. Almost simultaneously these dear elderly people, Mr. and Mrs. Ott, made definite experience of saving grace. The good brother found the Saviour out in his farmyard, while we were standing together beside my cutter, talking about the one thing needful. His wife, an unusually gentle and kindly soul, made the same experience shortly thereafter. I can still hear her joyous prayer of thanksgiving, mingled with an undertone of regret that she had learned to love the Lord so late in life, quoting the touching couplet: "Es tut mir leid, ich bin betrübt, Dass ich dich hab so spät geliebt." In 1930, when I saw her for the last time during our visit in Alberta; she was near life's end, suffering from a painful and incurable disease, but calm and peaceful, quietly awaiting her summons to her eternal home.

I remember another elderly couple, who likewise found perfect peace in old age. I recall, as if it were but yesterday, how the aged sister, with tears streaming down her cheeks, confessed to me that back in Russia she had been wont to practice some form of exorcism common in that land of superstitions, but that now all was forgiven and the black past blotted out forever.

The congregation at Heimtal held its regular series of meetings right after the first round of services had been completed at Bruederfeld, of which Heimtal was a filial at that time. Similar scenes were enacted there as at the parent church. The building was filled every night, below and upstairs. I remained throughout the week, visiting by day and conducting the meetings at night. Again it was the young people who were particularly touched. The closing service on Sunday evening was devoted to them. To my surprise two big bobsleds, packed with young people from Bruederfeld, arrived just as we were about to begin the service.

Their presence and enthusiasm added to the thrill of that evening. Many earnest prayers ascended to the throne of grace. One young girl particularly offered a most ardent prayer, tearfully pleading for forgiveness and assurance. Many others followed. Suddenly this selfsame girl burst forth in prayer a second time. While we were all upon our knees, the Saviour revealed Himself to her in all His graciousness and spoke peace to her soul. So she lifted up her voice once more, but this time in thanksgiving and praise. She later became a valued member of our congregation in Vancouver.

Early in February, 1905, evangelistic meetings were begun in New Sarepta. At the time of the revival we had no church as yet. We met in the two-roomed log house of Ludwig Henkelmann. Every evening forty or more people crowded into that rude shack. In spite of its primitive appearance it became the scene of stirring events, a veritable Bethel, a house of God and a "gate to heaven" for more than one of the wilderness dwellers. The founders of New Sarepta were mostly young Bruederfelders, who could no longer obtain land in the older congregation. A few older settlers had also located there, like the aforesaid Ludwig Henkelmann and others who had not yet used their homestead rights. A congregation was formally organized in Sarepta on the first Sunday in October, 1904.

From the first, the meetings in this shack took on a most promising character, the people wending their way every night from the surrounding forest to this rendezvous with the Lord. Here, as elsewhere, prayer was given greater prominence than the sermon. After the meeting people usually remained awhile and conversed on spiritual things. One night some one suggested that we draw texts, using our Moravian Text Book for that purpose. Several persons received most fitting verses. One of the young men, for example, whose first name was Samuel (Henkelmann), drew 1 Samuel 3:10, "And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, 'Samuel, Samuel.' Then Samuel answered, 'Speak Lord, for they servant heareth'." The shaft lodged in the young man's heart. He let the Saviour in. Nine months later, when he was about eighteen, the Lord took him home. He died of typhoid fever, but he had a triumphant end. His father, Ludwig Henkelmann, later, out of his meager resources, gave me \$50.00 in his memory for Moravian missions.

An older brother of Samuel, Martin by name, found the Lord, as he told us that night, in the forest near his homestead. He was

looking for timber to go into the construction of the proposed church. While he was in the woods all alone, he felt the drawing influence of the Holy Spirit. He knelt in the snow and gave his heart to God. He became one of the pillars of the congregation. On July 16, 1944, after preaching to an audience of six hundred people, gathered inside and outside of the beautiful present church, I visited this brother in his nice and comfortable home near Hay Lake, Alberta. The Lord led him through much suffering during the last couple of years of his life and took him home to Himself in 1947, I believe. Last year, 1948, one of his sons Clarence, together with his wife, went to Alaska to serve there as a lay missionary.

Returning to the revival of 1905, I want to mention a very pleasant incident that happened during the week when our special services were held in New Sarepta. One evening, a certain young married woman, wife of Emil Diewert, had indicated in her prayer that she was in deep distress about her salvation. According to our custom I decided to call on her and others like her the following morning, in order, if possible, to help her. I knocked at the door. It was the young woman herself who opened the door for me, but that morning she did not even say "Good Morning" to me. As soon as she saw who her caller was she burst right out with the joyous announcement: "I have found the Saviour!" The Lord Himself had visited her the night before after she returned home from the meeting.

Space does not permit any detailed accounts of the work of grace that went on in Bruederheim and Calgary that same winter. The faithful preaching of the Brethren Albrecht and Suemper, who served those congregations at that time, resulted in blessings similar to those already recounted concerning other congregations. We must, however, revert once more to the church at Bruederfeld, to speak of a certain subsequent event that had a close connection with our earlier story.

When the month of April came around, our farmers all had to attend to their spring work, but the echoes of the great revival continued to reverberate. During the month of June the congregation observed its tenth anniversary. For weeks in advance we had made plans for an elaborate celebration which was to last for three days. We invited the Rev. Karl A. Mueller, of Watertown, Wisconsin, who was later chosen bishop, to be our special festival speaker.

One of the three days was given over to the celebration of our mission festival, the first of its kind ever to be held in Bruederfeld. One result of the revival had been increased interest in Moravian missions. The Canadian churches had decided to assume the support of their "own missionary," a new idea in those days. The Rev. Theodore Reinke, of Nicaragua, was "adopted" by the district and our offerings were to go to his support. The offering on that first mission festival in Bruederfeld was \$436.00, a goodly sum for struggling settlers. But an even more gratifying evidence of the increased missionary interest was the fact that four young girls volunteered for foreign service, three from Bruederfeld and one from Heimtal. In addition to these four missionary candidates, five young men decided to enter the home ministry, four from Bruederfeld and one from Bruederheim. Of the first group, one prepared at the Moody Bible Institute (Elizabeth Schattschneider) and then served in Alaska. Two entered the Union Missionary Training Institute in Brooklyn and took the full course, but at the completion of the same neither one, to their great disappointment, could pass the rigid medical examination, required for Tibet and Alaska respectively. However, Catherine Stolz and Emma Henkelmann both became valuable workers at Bruederfeld and Bruederheim respectively, and each of them today (1949) rejoices to see a daughter in happy missionary service in Nicaragua (Mrs. John Befus and Mrs. Sam Marx). The fourth of the girls was prevented by circumstances beyond her control from carrying out her missionary plans. The four Bruederfeld boys were E. and F. Drebert, R. Riemer and A. Harke.

Continuing the anniversary festivities, we had special features on the second and third days, including a memorial service on the cemetery, a lovefeast, an early morning union prayer meeting and the chief anniversary service on the actual decennial date, June 27, at which Brother Mueller preached a great sermon that held the unflagging attention of the vast audience for an hour and a half.

That evening the climax was reached. A reunion of all the confirmands of the first ten years was held. They only were present. No other people were admitted. They were seated by classes as on the day of their confirmation. Out of the total number of seventy, only three or four were missing, having moved away. The roll was called, class by class. Each confirmand responded to the roll call by repeating the memory verse given them on the day

of their confirmation. This feature alone made a deep impression. Brother Mueller preached a heart-searching address; I followed with a few words of counsel to the young people, many of whom were rejoicing in the great change that had come over them during recent months. Then came a period of voluntary prayers and testimonies. Strong young men and earnest-faced young women were not ashamed to show their deep emotion. The following brief entry in the Bruederfeld diary tells the story: "Many of the young people were deeply moved, and numerous prayers from overflowing hearts ascended to the throne of grace. The workings of the Holy Spirit were clearly manifest. Brother Mueller stated afterwards that of all the inspiring anniversary services of the last three days the confirmands' night would remain most indelibly impressed on his memory."

Before the close of 1905 there were other echoes of the events that had transpired earlier in the year. A meeting was set for December 29, 1905, at which all those who had made an experience of salvation during the year were to have an opportunity to tell of the great things that God had wrought in their lives. We met in the school house, just west of the parsonage. The room was filled to capacity. Dozens of tender and touching testimonies were given; the hour grew late, but not nearly all had had a chance to speak. So it was decided to continue the meeting the following evening, when the school room again was filled. Other dozens added their witness. Rededications and re-consecrations marked both of these unforgettable services. Thus closed a memorable year for Bruederfeld and the other congregations in Alberta.

Four years later, namely in 1909, a revival of almost equal power swept over some of the Canadian congregations. Again it became necessary to summon outside help. This time the Rev. Edward F. Helmich, of Canaan, North Dakota, was invited. He labored with great blessing for a number of weeks, especially among the young people. I will not attempt to give details. The following letter appeared in the church paper some years ago:

"Certain memories come back to me out of my experiences while helping Brother Hoyler in 1909. Among the many incidents that occurred during the thirty-one days I spent in Canada, I will mention only two, which left a vivid impression on my mind.

"One evening, after a cold day in January, I preached on the subject: 'Where are the Nine?' I spoke on the 'Sin of Unthankfulness' and said among other things: 'There are perhaps two hundred people present here tonight. Are there not here ninety out of each hundred that fail to thank God for their daily blessings?'"

"The next morning, as we went calling as usual (for Brother Hoyler had a way of putting his helpers to work), I looked at the thermometer, which registered thirty-one below zero. All day we visited, while I was shivering in my fur coat. We went from house to house, or, rather, from hut to hut, for there were few houses among the early settlers, to bring comfort and cheer.

"About 11:00 A.M. we drew near a log shack. Brother Hoyler said: 'Here lives a poor widow. Her name is Zichau. Her husband died last fall and left her with three children.' As I looked at the hovel, I could see thru the cracks between the logs. We rapped and listened. Yes, she was at home. She could not say 'Come in,' for she first had to move the door to one side, as it had no hinges. After we entered, she set it back and secured it as best she could.

"She offered me a backless chair, and Brother Hoyler, in deference to his guest, took a box for his seat. As I sat there and took in the scene, I noticed there were holes in the floor so large that I could have thrust my fur cap through them.

"As I looked at the woman, I noticed that a shy little girl was peeking out from under the mother's apron. The apron was clean, but it had patch upon patch. Behind a small pot-bellied stove sat a little boy, hugging his face, swollen with double mumps. The smell of soft-coal fumes filled the room.

"To myself I said: 'If this woman complains and is unthankful, she has a reason for such a mood.'

"I was not quite through with such thoughts, when Mrs. Zichau said: 'O brother, I couldn't sleep all night for thankfulness, after I came home from church last night. I thought of what you said about the goodness of God and His kindness to me. Last fall, when my husband died, I said: 'What will happen to me and the children, with winter now upon us?' But God has been good to us! That neighbor over there (mentioning his name) gave me this house free of rent, and that neighbor over there (pointing in his direction and giving his name) gave me a cow, so that I will have milk for the children, and others built a stable

in the side of a hill, while everybody is helping to supply me with hay for the cow. And now my oldest daughter is with a family in Strathecona, earning enough for groceries. Oh, God has been so good to us! You were right last night when you said that men are so unthankful for all of God's mercies.'

"I have used this incident in a Thanksgiving Day sermon. That woman did not know that she helped me more than I ever helped her.

"We made other visits during the rest of the day. When we got home in the evening, supper was waiting for us. I ate with chattering teeth—so cold I was. There were only a few minutes left before the second bell. I went to my room to collect my thoughts, and then the second incident occurred which I want to mention.

"I had hardly settled in my room, when there was a rap at my door. I was annoyed, but I said 'Come in!' There stood before me two sisters twenty to twenty-two years of age, with anxious looks, and holding Bibles in their hands. I said: 'What can I do for you?' They said: 'We would like to have assurance; can you help us?'

"Only five minutes time! I pointed them to Isaiah 53:5, 6. They read. I asked them: 'Do you believe that?' They said: 'Yes' 'Now read it in the first person.' Helping them a bit, they read: 'He was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon him; and with his stripes I am healed.'

"The bell began to ring. I took my Bible and cap and ran over to the church, leaving them behind.

"After the sermon opportunity was given to say a word in testimony for Christ. When the older of the girls got up, her face was beaming with joy, and she repeated in a voice strong with assurance this declaration of faith: 'He was wounded for my transgressions, he was bruised for my iniquities,' and so on to the end: 'the Lord hath laid on him my iniquity.'

"It thrilled and electrified the audience. Her witness did more than my preaching.

"There are many other things that impressed me in my stay at Bruederfeld and Bruederheim and at Calgary and at other congregations. But these two incidents must suffice. Edward F. Helmich."

During the early months of 1916 the congregations of Bruederfeld, Bruederheim and Strathcona were visited once more by a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The following year, 1917, our Provincial evangelist, the Rev. John Greenfield, conducted meetings in a number of the churches, resulting in not a few glorious conversions. We were then living in Strathcona and the congregation in town and the one out on the Reserve co-operated with special music, using our mixed quartets at both places. The personnel was composed of the following: Mrs. E. Suemper, Mrs. C. Hoyler, E. Suemper and C. Hoyler. We had learned a great many selections suitable for use at evangelistic meetings. The words were in German, translated from English and other originals. On his way back to the States Brother Greenfield also visited Dundurn. From Moose Jaw he sent me his final Canadian message before crossing the line into North Dakota at Portal:

"Y.M.C.A, Moose Jaw, Sask., Nov. 12, 1917

DEAR BROTHER HOYLER:

Am now on my way home. Had a splendid day in Dundurn yesterday. Good services at all appointments—especially in Dundurn, where circa 70 persons were present. Have forwarded an additional \$30.00 to Brother Sturgis. Am feeling well and full of gratitude to the Saviour for His many mercies. Hearty thanks to yourself and Mrs. Hoyler for all your kindness. Cordial greetings to all brethren. Yours in Him,

JOHN GREENFIELD."

Bruederheim has had a number of seasons of revival from time to time. In 1920 a Methodist evangelist, who had conducted quite a successful city-wide campaign in Edmonton was invited to Bruederheim and worked there for several weeks with apparent blessing to the congregation. During the pastorates of the Rev. Mr. Anhorn and that of Elmer Stelter likewise seasons of spiritual harvest occurred. The same holds true of New Sarepta only this past winter (1948-9).

Camp Van-Es has been the scene of many stirring incidents along the line of personal experiences of saving grace and personal consecrations to the Lord and His service. A few years ago I received the following testimony from a member of the Bruederheim congregation, whom I had first met at Cooking Lake and who acknowledged a "lot" that I had drawn for her

after the conference: "I can truly say with all my heart that I have never had such joy and peace come into my heart since I accepted Jesus a few years ago as my personal Saviour, and He certainly does satisfy. I hope and pray that the beauty of Jesus may be seen in me."

Only eternity will reveal the number of sheaves gathered into the heavenly garner from the fertile fields of the Canadian District. May the Lord continue to bless the proclamation of the Gospel of reconciliation in all the years ahead "until He come."

CHAPTER XIII.

Enlarging the Field

From the very beginning it was our hope and aim to extend the work in every direction. Not only did we seek to promote immigration from the old country, but every invitation to visit localities without the Gospel was gladly accepted. This took us to many German-speaking settlements not only in Alberta but later also in Saskatchewan and British Columbia. We also ministered to Norwegian-speaking people in their own tongue and hoped some day to do something even for the Ruthenians, whose language Brother Henkelmann spoke with perfect ease. Nor did we neglect English-speaking settlers in the Canadian West and introduced preaching services in several places in that language. When, finally, some of our people began to move to the West Coast in the United States we even followed them up to Washington and Oregon, and were hopeful of establishing ourselves in Puyallup, Washington, and in Portland, Oregon. In both of these states I conducted well-attended services and celebrations of Holy Communion, but owing to a lack of men and money we could not follow up the advantage gained by our being on the ground early.

My colleagues, especially C. A. Gutensohn and later S. Wedman, were ever on the alert to enter prospective openings, so that in the course of the past fifty-five years (1894 to 1949) a total of eighty-one preaching places were started. Some of them resulted in the organization of congregations, others gave high promise for awhile, services being attended by from fifty to seventy-five people, many of whom would have become charter members. In addition to the two district presidents mentioned

above much credit for church extension also must go to the Brethren H. Schulze, A. R. Schultz, E. Suemper, G. Henkelmann and C. A. Albrecht, who were some of the earlier ministers.

I will now attempt to give a fairly complete list of places visited through the years by many of the ministers. No doubt others should be included.

ALBERTA

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| *†Bruederfeld | †West Leduc |
| *†Bruederheim | *†Edmonton South (Church) |
| *†Heimtal | *†Edmonton, Norwood (Ch'h) |
| †Mayflower (J. Sampert) | *†New Sarepta (Henkelm., Ch) |
| Martins (Reformed Ch.) | †Hay Lake (Eng. School) |
| *†Hobbema | Rosedale (Eld. Plitt) |
| (Homes, School, Church) | †Morinville (Homes: Makus) |
| †Flatbush (J. Stockmann) | †Stoney Plain (Wudel) |
| Fawcett (P. Elgert) | †Wainwright (Dreger, etc.) |
| * Westlock (Homes, School) | *†Calgary (Homes, Church) |
| Barrhead (A. Werner) | †De Winton (Kniss) |
| Mellowdale (P. Grende) | †Carseland (P. Dick) |
| †Glendon (E. Wolgien) | Aldersyde (P. Gerlitz) |
| *†Bruederheim | †Wimbledon (Ludw. Fenske) |
| (W. Schultz, Church) | †Cooking Lake (Brown) |
| †Spring Creek (Bhm, Eng) | *†Bruce (Minshau, Grende) |
| †Beaver Hills (Guenther) | Ogden (J. Hergenbain) |
| †Beaver Hills (Schneider) | * Champion (School) |
| Good Hope (Fred Helm) | *†Didsbury (Homes; Church) |
| Myrnam (Gus Radtke) | *†Eigenheim (Church) |
| †Limestone Lake (Norw.) | Torrington |
| (School) | Trochu |
| †South Bruederfeld | Beisecker |
| (Christian Seutter, etc.) | †Medicine Hat (L. Stelter) |
| †Wimbledon (Presb. Church) | †Seven Persons (Home) |
| *†Heimtal (Klapstein, Ch.) | †Dunmore (Pols) |
| †W. Heimtal (Wedman) | †Irwin (F. Stelter) |
| †White Mud (Eng., School) | †Josephsburg (Home) |
| †Sprucedale | †Newburg (L. Stelter) |
| Thorsby (Breier; Wegner) | †Bardo (Norw.; School) |

SASKATCHEWAN (Mostly English)

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| *†Dundurn (School; Church) | Bunch (S. of Piapot, Wilde- |
| *†Pleasant Point (Ho., Ch) | mann) |
| †Swift Current | Ridgedale (R. Wildeman) |
| †Eston (C. Hoffman) | †Biggar |
| †Haultain (Heimbecker) | †Lanigan |
| *†Watrous (Hall) | Wall Lake |
| *†Rosthern (Riekman) | Elvavow |
| *†Esk (Teske; Church) | |

MANITOBA

†Winnipeg (Jaeger)
 †Elie (Piper)

†Coulter (Scheel)
 †Cabot

BRITISH COLUMBIA

*†Vancouver (Homes; Church)	White Rock (Kopp; Hall;
*†Rosedale	School)
Pitt Meadows	McBride (Home)
Agassiz (Cheknowski)	New Westminster

UNITED STATES

†Portland, Ore. and †Puyallup, Wash.

(KEY: *Organized; †Served by C. Hoyler)

As I scan the foregoing list of places served, I realize that they represent much labor on the part of the ministers which seemingly did not bear fruit, because so few organized congregations resulted from the effort. And yet, speaking from my own experience, I am convinced that it was in these smaller gatherings and in the homes of individual Moravians that some of the most effective home mission work was done, because hungry souls were fed, and cheer and comfort was brought to those who were longing for Christian fellowship. So, while outwardly these efforts appear to have been futile, I am sure that eternity will tell a vastly different tale. "Home" missions may also be understood to mean literally what the word suggests: taking the Word of God into the isolated and scattered homes of lonely settlers by itinerant missionaries, seeking out the neglected places and not only visiting the populous centers.

Canadian Ministers.—For about seven months I was the only Moravian minister in the Canadian West. By that time the work had expanded sufficiently to justify the call of a second ordained man. I remember when Provincial Elders' Conference informed me of his appointment. "Andreas Lilge," Brother Kluge wrote in his official letter, "was to continue as 'pastor's assistant,' Brother Wm. N. Schwarze is to be 'assistant pastor.' " As a matter of fact, we shared all the work on an equal basis. I made out the schedule of services at the various preaching places, but both of us did the same amount of pulpit and pastoral work. We got along very well. He boarded with us at Bruederfeld, my mother keeping house for us. She knew his parents very well from the time they were stationed at Chaska, while my parents were at Laketown. I succeeded Brother

Schwarze's father at Elizabeth, N. J., where I served for several years before being called to Alberta.

In 1898 Brother Schwarze was married and a parsonage was erected in Bruederheim, of which congregation he was the first resident pastor. In 1900 he received a call to the Buxton Grove Training Institute, Antigua, for native teachers and ministers for the Eastern Province of the West Indies. He later became a member of the faculty of our College and Seminary in Bethlehem and finally president of the institution. He died in 1948.

The second resident pastor of Bruederheim was *Wm. C. Schattschneider*, who took charge in 1900. His wife came out about a year later. We became good friends and congenial fellow-workers and visited back and forth as much as was possible in those early years, when roads were often very bad. My wife joined me in 1902, and the following year a third minister, *Emil Suemper*, joined our ranks. He became the first resident pastor of Calgary and a year later was also joined by a helpmate. In 1904 the Schattschnaiders were transferred to Hector, Minnesota, and *Charles A. Albrecht* came to Bruederheim to fill the vacancy. He had just been married, and so these three young couples, the Suempers, the Albrechts and we, were naturally drawn together in an intimate circle, which was strengthened from year to year, while we were working together in Alberta, and endured for many years thereafter. Our respective children were born within a few weeks of each other.

Meanwhile another worker joined the ranks of the Canadian ministers, Brother *Gottfried Henkelmann*, a schoolmaster from Volhynia, who after rendering valuable assistance as a lay preacher for several years was ordained in 1903 and served acceptably, for about ten years all told, as pastor in Stratheona, Heimtal and Calgary, when he retired and lived in Stratheona.

Brother Henkelmann was a gifted man in many ways. He literally knew scores if not hundreds of hymns by heart and could quote them most appropriately for any occasion. He was also able to speak Russian, Ruthenian and Polish and acquired a very good command of English, though he was in middle life when he came to Canada with his aged parents and fine family of children. His wife was a most estimable person, who, after her husband's death, made her home with her daughter Emma (Mrs. Fred Stelter), in Lamont, Alberta, a few miles east of Bruederheim.

Arthur R. Schultz came to Alberta in 1906. He was the first

to take up his residence in the combined chapel and dwelling which we had bought from the Baptists the year before in Strathcona. He spent many a happy day at our home in Bruederfeld, coming out on his bicycle and sharing our family life. His wife, who joined him later on, worked faithfully at his side both in Canada and in the States. Both have long since gone to be with the Lord.

Herman Schulze was born in Labrador, and his wife, the former Emmy Guenther, first beheld the light of day in South Africa. They both were sent to Germany for their education, met there and eventually found their life work in the home mission field of Alberta, Canada. They hold the record to date of the longest pastorate ever served by a Moravian minister in Canada in one and the same charge—Heimtal—thirty years without a break. He now lives in retirement near Hay Lake, but is often called upon to preach in many churches, temporarily without a pastor. He has given one son to the ministry and another is now preparing for the service.

I have been intimately associated with all the foregoing during my thirty years of service in the Canadian District, as well as with many of the rest. I can say for them all that they proved to be most excellent fellow-workers in our common task of building up the spiritual forces of our work, and I shall always remember them affectionately.

The following are the names of the ministers who have served in the Canadian District, either by full appointment of the Provincial Elders' Conference or temporarily by arrangement with the Canadian District Executive Board.

MINISTERS AND STUDENT PASTORS WHO SERVED IN THE CANADIAN DISTRICT

1895 to 1949

Name	Year	Place of Residence
Albrecht, Charles	— 1904.....	Bruederheim
Anhorn, Friedrich	— 1932.....	Bruederheim
Bahnmann, N. W.	— 1935.....	New Sarepta
Drebert, Ernest	— 1912.....	Edmonton
Bahnsen, Roland	— 1914.....	Dundurn
Engelke, Herbert	— 1923.....	Pleasant Point
Ewald, F.	— 1939.....	Edmonton
Fliegel, John	— 1923.....	Bruederfeld
Grabow, Rudolph	— 1915.....	Calgary
Gutensohn, Charles	— 1912.....	Bruederheim, Edmonton, Calgary
Happel, J. B.	— 1915.....	Calgary

Henkelmann, Gottfried — 1903.....	Heimtal, Calgary, Edmonton
Heuer, Gustav — 1932.....	Edmonton
Hoyler, Clement — 1896.....	Bruederfeld, Dundurn, Edmonton
Huebener, Robert — 1915.....	Dundurn
Kant, Herbert — 1915.....	New Sarepta
Kreitlow, Robert — 1928.....	Bruederfeld
Kroening, William — 1920.....	Bruederfeld, Calgary
Mann, Archie — 1910.....	Watrous
Marx, Samuel — 1942.....	Vancouver
Mewaldt, Julius — 1919.....	Bruederfeld
Nelson, Howard — 1921.....	Dundurn
Redberger, Jacob — 1937.....	Bruederheim, Vancouver
Riemer, Reinhold — 1912.....	New Sarepta
Riske, Clarence — 1944.....	Calgary
Schattschneider, William — 1900.....	Bruederheim
Scheel, William — 1916.....	New Sarepta, Dundurn
Schimke, Fred — 1943.....	New Sarepta
Schoechert, John — 1913.....	Calgary
Schultz, Arthur — 1908.....	Edmonton
Schultz, Raymond — 1945.....	Heimtal
Schulze, Herman — 1910.....	Heimtal
Schulze, Rudolph — 1939.....	Didsbury
Schwarze, William — 1896.....	Bruederheim
Stelter, Elmer — 1944.....	New Sarepta, Bruederheim
Suemper, Emil — 1902.....	Calgary, Heimtal, Bruederfeld
Wedman, Samuel — 1926.....	Bruederheim, Bruederfeld, Edmonton
Weingarh, James — 1938.....	Vancouver
Weingarh, Theodore — 1937.....	Vancouver, New Sarepta
Weinlick, Joseph — 1924.....	Calgary
Weiss, Alfred — 1947.....	New Sarepta
Wilde, Edward — 1933.....	Vancouver, Bruederfeld
Wolff, Frederick — 1928.....	Bruederheim

CHAPTER XIV.

Did it Pay?

Results in a Christian enterprise, like that in local or denominational church work, can be measured in several ways: numerically, financially and spiritually. In this final chapter we will endeavor to give an overall picture of the Canadian District under the caption "Did it Pay?"

1. *Did it Pay Numerically?* We may not be able to answer this question with an unqualified "Yes," but we certainly would not be justified in saying "No; it did not pay."

The record shows fluctuations, but the general trend over the years, is upward. While the growth has not been phenomenal or especially impressive, it has been gratifying in view of the

humble beginnings and the difficulties which have beset the work. We never padded our membership lists, but usually kept them pruned rather severely. The first statistics that were published showed two congregations with a combined membership of 228, of which 89 or 39% were communicants. On January 1, 1949, the total was 10 congregations with 1,364 members, of which 1,015 or 74% were communicants. For the first fifty-three years this shows an increase of 787 in communicant membership. Why was this increase not greater?

Several factors, mostly beyond our control, were responsible for keeping our members down. I mention some of the reasons in the following paragraphs. They contain my own private convictions, and I admit that others may not agree with me in all particulars, but I believe these facts will fairly explain the present situation.

(a) *Two World Wars*.—The Rev. M. W. Leibert, investigating the possibilities of future growth when he visited Alberta in 1895, rightly concluded that further immigration from Russia would be an important factor in the increase of membership and of congregations in the new field of home mission endeavor in Western Canada.

As soon as I arrived in Alberta, a vigorous campaign of letter writing was launched to encourage such immigration. Our people who had settled in Alberta were optimistic and believed that they had made a wise move when they left the land of oppression and had come to a land of freedom and opportunity. They had had some rough going and realized that further hardships awaited them, but they firmly believed that in the end they would be infinitely better off than if they had remained in Russia or Poland. One of the most important elements in their attitude was the fact that the Moravian Church had taken them under her wing and guaranteed to send them Moravian ministers and help them build churches and parsonages.

So they were eager to have their friends and relatives back home come over and join them in Western Canada as soon as they could get away, while choice land in abundance was still available. Those who could write, did their own writing. For some it was a laborious task, since many of them had had poor educational advantages. Their chirography was poor, their spelling worse, but I admired them for their faithful endeavor. Some could not write at all. It was not their fault. They had never

had any opportunity to learn in the old country. These came to me and dictated the subject matter of their messages. For days in the aggregate I served as general amanuensis for my people—both at Bruederfeld and in Bruederheim. It was interesting and illuminating—all the things they told me to write. Naturally I added much of my own composition, things which I thought would be helpful for the recipients to know.

It was interesting to read the letters that came back. Naturally, the people would bring them to me to read, very often because they could not read any script, and, indeed, some of the script was hard to decipher. I got a good idea of the meager educational privileges these excellent, intelligent and quick-witted people had had in their old home. After I had a little practice, I became quite adept at unraveling the contents of the communications. Often the spelling was greatly simplified and words were abbreviated. Even signatures were curtailed.

The contents of these letters from Russia were varied and most interesting. Some of the people were joyously grateful and were ready to accept the invitation to come to Canada as soon as they could get away. Some were unable to raise enough money to purchase all the tickets required for their large families. After a while, when some of our people had done pretty well, they sent prepaid passage tickets across and brought their relatives over.

But some of the replies that came back to Canada were of another kind. The recipients of our Canadian letters thought they sounded exaggerated, altogether too sanguine to be credible. The people over there were skeptical. I remember one expression that occurred in a letter I read. The writer over in Volhynia wrote to his Bruederfeld friend: "After I read your letter to my friends it smoked in the room." This was a euphemism for saying: "We were all incredulous; we didn't believe a word."

But some were ready to come over. They said: "If it isn't good in Canada, we can always come back." So the rest said: "All right! You go and investigate and write us the truth. We'll believe you!" They came; they liked it; they sent favorable reports back home. Then their friends in Russia said: "So and So has learned to exaggerate, too. We cannot believe him any more either." I heard that story again and again. The re-

ports that our immigrants sent back to Russia sounded too good to be true.

Nevertheless immigration from the old country did pick up for a while. Both Bruederfeld and Bruederheim received some of the new arrivals and that helped to swell the membership. Frequently, when friends were expected, I made it a point to meet the train from Calgary, ready to assist incoming settlers. More than once I saw some lonely, bewildered family get off at the South Edmonton station, and when I greeted them in a friendly way in their mother-tongue and told them that I was the "Brueder-Prediger" from Bruederfeld, I saw their faces light up with joy. I helped them get settled in the immigration shed near the depot, and hastened back into the country to announce the arrival of the new immigrants. Either that same evening or early the next morning their friends would come to town to get them. If their friends lived in Bruederheim, I sent word to that settlement by whatever means available.

After a while we thought it might be a good thing to send a so-called "Return Man" back to Russia to report verbally to the people, who might be induced to come to Canada on the personal testimony of a reliable and universally respected representative of our colonists. I talked the matter over with Mr. R. A. Ruttan, the chief government land agent in Edmonton and enlisted his whole-hearted support for the idea. I talked to one of our solid and substantial Bruederfelders. He was willing to go back at government expense and visit his old neighbors and friends in the various "colonies" in Volhynia (for he was widely known) and to give straightforward, first-hand, unvarnished reports about conditions in Alberta. The funds were appropriated by Ottawa, the necessary papers were made out and everything seemed to be ready. Then our emissary got "cold feet." I do not want to do anyone any injustice, but I think his good wife dissuaded him. She was afraid he might run into trouble in Russia and never get back. He himself may have feared something of the same sort, for he knew conditions in Russia and recognized the risk of acting as an immigration agent for a foreign country. Regretfully we had to drop the scheme, from which we had expected great results.

Then in 1914 I was elected to go as a delegate to the General Synod in Herrnhut. People urged me to visit Volhynia and do

some quiet missionary work among their friends and relatives. They gave me many names and addresses, and loaded me with personal greetings. I did not make any definite promises, for Russia was an unknown quantity to me and the ways of the czarist regime were an enigma. I promised to take the matter up with the Brethren in Herrnhut, who had charge of the *diaspora* work in Poland and Volhynia. They were very much in favor of the plan; but they told me that the Moravian minister in Lodz, who was at the head of our *diaspora* work in the land of the czars, had lately begun to plan a forward move in the territory under his jurisdiction and had high hopes that the Moravian cause was on the eve of new developments. He felt that conditions were growing more favorable for us and that there would be a marked upswing in the Moravian *diaspora* field for which he was responsible.

I could clearly see that our Brethren in Herrnhut did not share this optimism of the Lodz brother; they warned me that he would probably look askance at my invading his field for the express purpose of enticing some of his people away. Nevertheless, they felt that the Moravian-minded people in Volhynia and Russian Poland would be far better off in Alberta, where they could freely help to build up independent congregations, without interference from political or ecclesiastical opponents, and so they agreed to finance my trip to Russia and gave me M.150.—toward my traveling expenses. I immediately applied for my passport and visa to enable me to enter Russia, the only European country so far as I know which at that time required such papers. I also got in touch with our minister in Lodz, whom I asked to plan my itinerary. His reply, I thought, lacked warmth and cordiality. I felt that he was not happy over the prospect of my visiting his best groups; but I followed up my first letter with a second, in which I asked for permission to visit him and talk things over with him verbally. I know I also made bold to ask him to work out my two weeks' itinerary and to write to the different colonies served by him, informing them of my proposed visit.

I gave him my Copenhagen address; but when I got to Copenhagen from Norway, I found no word from Lodz. I waited for almost a week and then reluctantly decided to go to England and wait out my time in London prior to sailing home from Liverpool. I never heard from the brother in Lodz and conclud-

ed that he did not favor my coming, as the Brethren in Herrnhut had intimated. I returned the money to Herrnhut.

Naturally I was very much disappointed that I did not get to those places from which our Alberta people had come and that I could not deliver their greetings in person and, especially, that I did not have the expected opportunity to do something in the way of promoting emigration to Alberta. But before long I saw the "why" of the Lord's gracious leading in blocking my way to Lodz and Lwowek and Zhitomir and all the other places. A few weeks later, just while I would perhaps have been in Russia, all Europe was set on fire with the flames of war. And while I would not have been in danger of internment, because Russia at first was one of the Allies, I would have been marooned there, would have run out of funds and would have had to return to New York on a cattle boat or something of that sort. Even if I had gotten out of Russia in time for my own safety and convenience, my visit in Poland and Volhynia would have accomplished nothing, as all emigration to Canada stopped immediately and, as a matter of fact, has never fully recovered to this day. Our Brethren in those lands had missed their last chance to join us in Alberta. Many of them were driven into the interior before the advancing German armies. In most cases our people in Bruederfeld and Bruederheim never heard of their friends and relatives again. They were probably caught in the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 and what their ultimate or present fate may be, only God knows. One interesting case came out of all the confusion: a certain German family was banished to where the old Moravian colony of Sarepta on the Volga had been established, and this family somehow found their way to Canada.

The Great War of 1914 to 1918 was a severe blow to the growth of our membership in the Canadian District. Hundreds of our prospects were lost to our cause in Canada and the hopes and expectations of Brother Leibert were thereby shattered to a large extent.

(b) *The Lack of Funds.*—Those of us who worked in Canada, especially during the early years, were dependent largely on our home mission stipends. Our Canadian congregations had to struggle in the face of difficult economic conditions. While our rural members were generous in remembering their ministers with various farm products, their own way of living was simple and modest, and they did not consider it essential to pay sal-

aries that enabled our men to start bank accounts or to lay anything away for a rainy day. I remember one year when my total cash salary from all sources was less than \$200.00. I did not receive any home mission stipend any longer at that time. The allowance that we as a District Executive Board were able to secure from the Board of Church Extension at that time did not enable us to offer much to our home missionaries by way of stipends to supplement local salaries.

Looking back and knowing what we now realize to be a fact, it seems unfortunate that our Canadian District Executive Board did not more boldly ask for more money in order to put our Canadian men on at least an approximate equality with the ministers of other districts. Some of this additional money should have come from the Canadian congregations, but it was hard for the men on the field or even the official board to press the matter. As I see it now, we should have urged our officials in Bethlehem to push this financial matter by an investigation on the spot, so as to relieve the men in the field of the embarrassing necessity of asking for salaries on the level of the salaries elsewhere. I understand that in England all Moravian ministers, whether serving weak struggling congregations or in charge of well-to-do parishes, receive the same salaries. Undoubtedly the policy of economy and retrenchment over against one of the fruitful home mission fields of the province has militated against the numerical growth of the membership. Young men shied away from a district that did not adequately provide for the reasonable support of its ministers. I feel that it has been a short-sighted policy not to throw more money into the Canadian work when chances for growth were at their peak.

(c) *The Shortage of Men.*—Closely related to the last as a reason for retarded numerical growth is the fact that the Canadian District at times was not adequately staffed. The distances were great. Much time was lost in getting about, especially as there were no automobile roads and all travel had to be done by horse-drawn vehicles. Intensive work in any locality was difficult, because of lack of men.

Home mission work in Canada does not seem to appeal to young men. In the early years a measure of glamor probably attached to pioneer life, but after a while the novelty wore off and frontier life did not look so attractive any more. Cultural advantages were lacking, the amenities of life in the country

and smaller towns were missing, salaries were much lower than in other parts of the province—so why should a young man accept a call to the Canadian District when he could just as well serve the Lord amid more appealing surroundings. All added up to one thing: the detrimental shortage of men. It is my candid and profound conviction—and not merely a passing opinion—that many valuable opportunities were lost, because we could not throw a strong force of men into promising fields, backed up with adequate denominational support.

(d) *The Language Problem.*—There were times when German was a handicap. For example, some good men who might have considered a call to Canada were afraid of the German. They did not feel able to handle it, or they preferred to do their Bible study in English only. Even good German Brethren wanted a chance to perfect themselves in English. The language problem, therefore, adversely affected numerical growth by robbing the district of some excellent men, who did not like to work bilingually.

The all too persistent holding on to the German language in deference to a few unyielding sticklers has also affected our numerical growth in Canada to some extent, because we lost some of our fine young people by their marriage with English-speaking mates. While I always felt sympathetic toward our older people, who loved their mother tongue, I sometimes felt they were unreasonable in their antagonism to English, which after all is the official language of the land of their adoption. In the end our Canadian church work must fall in line with the inevitable trend toward English, and unless the transition is made in time we will suffer far greater loss than time can ever repair. Immigration from Europe as a factor in adding to our numerical growth is "out" for good; we must be a Canadian church for Canadians.

(e) *Canadian Church Union.*—We lost three of our congregations in Saskatchewan by the merging of several denominations. The union which was consummated in 1925 absorbed our congregations in Dundurn, Pleasant Point and Watrous. The church buildings in Dundurn were locally owned and so were taken over by the United Church of Canada, together with the membership. The same happened with the members at Pleasant Point and Watrous, though in 1949 the church and real estate at Pleasant Point were still held by the Canadian District and an occasional service is conducted for the erstwhile members in that section.

Our total membership in Saskatchewan at one time was 123, and this has entirely disappeared from our statistics.

(f) *Religious Restlessness and Instability*.—These emotional weaknesses accounted for some defections. In one or two cases rival denominations encroached upon our field and endeavored to draw our people from the church that had become dear to their fathers. Unfortunate rivalry and a lack of Christian comity led some well-meaning people to try to win our members to their standards. As a rule their work did not have permanency, but a measure of harm was done to us nevertheless.

Certain "isms" made slight inroads here and there. While God granted us frequent gracious revivals, there were always some who wanted to show the rest how much farther along they had gotten on the way to perfectionism than the quiet Moravians.

(g) *Migrations*.—Once in a while people became affected with a roving spirit. They wanted to move. Some started to settle in British Columbia. To a certain extent we were able to follow them into the neighboring province. But when they settled in the state of Washington and in the state of Oregon it became more difficult. In the end those that moved to the West Coast in the United States were definitely lost to our Canadian church.

(h) *Shortcomings of our Own*.—None of us ministers would wish to deny that we have oft times been remiss in our duties and have not built up our congregations and our membership with that faithfulness that Christ the Head of the Church expected of us. Our members, too, would undoubtedly acknowledge that they have often grown cold and have allowed the world to creep into their families and their congregations to the detriment of the highest interests of the cause entrusted to them.

In short there are many reasons which could be adduced for the fact that our membership has not grown as rapidly as we might all have wished. And yet in spite of all the setbacks enumerated in this chapter, we are glad our labors have not been in vain. It has paid to establish the Canadian work. It has added a worthwhile number of congregations and members to our statistics. It has widened to a considerable extent the home base of our denomination.

2. *Did it Pay Financially?*—Though at the beginning Canadian home missions were a drain on church extension funds, the outlay has been amply justified, as has already been pointed out. The original cost of establishing the work was met by a special

appeal to the Church at large. A pamphlet was prepared by the Rev. M. W. Leibert and issued both in German and in English. It was distributed in several thousand copies, both in this country and in Great Britain and continental Europe. Generous contributions flowed in and provided the first salaries, as well as the necessary funds for the erection of the first buildings. About a year later the so-called Alberta Forward Movement was launched and supplemented the earlier efforts.

After a while the entire project was thrown upon the resources of the Board of Church Extension and the Canadian work had to content itself with whatever could be spared from the regular funds. The authorities in Bethlehem responded generously to all appeals for help in erecting churches and parsonages, but it was in the insufficient appropriations made for home mission stipends that the pinch was felt. The allotment did not enable the District Board to guarantee the home missionaries in the district a fair salary, much less could further workers be added to the staff, even if the men could have been secured.

True, the aggregate of monies sent to Canada from Eastern Headquarters undoubtedly reached a staggering total during the past half century and more. I am not able to give complete statistics for the entire period from 1895 to 1949. These could be compiled only from the records of the Provincial Treasurer. But I do know that for many years past the Canadian District has annually given back to the Church at large far more than it has gotten annually from denominational funds.

In 1947 the Board of Church Extension subsidized the Canadian District to the extent of \$2,400.00, but in return the Canadian congregations contributed a total of \$8,552.83 to Moravian benevolences. Out of this total one congregation alone—Bruederheim—gave \$2,426.95. In that same year the value of the Canadian church property, held in trust for the Northern Province, was given very conservatively at \$75,950.00.

For many years past Bruederheim has been self-supporting. While it was still a home mission it received altogether \$5,485.00 from provincial funds. Now the congregation is giving that much back to the Church at large every two-and-a-half to three years. It paid to organize Bruederheim.

At the time of the golden jubilees of Bruederfeld and Bruederheim in 1945 I prepared a souvenir pamphlet, and in it I mentioned that both of these congregations at that time had given

back much more than they got from the province—Bruederfeld eleven times as much and Bruederheim seven times as much. And this does not include the real estate they acquired, which is held by the Canadian District Executive Board in trust for the province.

From the financial standpoint the Canadian enterprise has not been a bad investment. It has paid and is paying good dividends in the form of substantial contributions to all the denominational benevolences far in excess of the amounts allocated to the district for home missionary stipend.

In reality, of course, the success of a missionary enterprise should not be measured in dollars and cents. In the case of foreign missions we do not ask: "Are the native converts paying back the money we spent on sending them the Gospel?" And home missions are not so very different. When the Church at home supplies the needy settlers on the frontier with Gospel privileges, we should not ask: "What will we get out of it?" The very fact that new congregations are added and further members brought into the denomination, widens the home base and increases the ability of the Church at large to carry on foreign missions. This in itself is a great gain, and because our Canadian Moravians have from the very beginning contributed generously to our foreign missions, we may say without qualification that it has paid abundantly from the financial angle that the Canadian District was established.

3. *Did it Pay Spiritually?*—In preceding chapters, I have reported on some of the evangelistic meetings in Strathcona and in Bruederfeld. These revivals were made possible because back in 1895 our church fathers decided to begin home missionary work in the Canadian West. A single soul saved is worth infinitely more than all the money spent on Canadian home missionary projects. We can still see the results of the earlier revivals, for some of the more recent experiences along evangelistic lines have been a direct outgrowth of earlier seasons of refreshing. The blessed work goes on in our time.

One notable permanent spiritual result of the Gospel work done in our Canadian District may be found in the relatively large number of candidates for the home ministry and the foreign service, which Canada has furnished to our denomination, and even to some extent to sister Churches. I can do nothing better than to insert at this place a complete list of the men and women

who have become either ministers and missionaries, or ministers' and missionaries' wives during the years from 1895 to 1949, including those at present preparing for such service. Of these there are eight, or one out of about 132 communicants. If the rest of the province furnished candidates in the same ratio, there would be 158 men studying for the ministry today instead of the thirty-seven registered. Altogether, as will be seen by the list, thirty-seven men and twenty women, together fifty-seven persons, have gone into full-time service in the Christian Church (ours and others) up to the summer of 1949. Of these, twenty-eight men and women were in active service as of July 1, 1949. Forty-three families or fathers furnished these Canadian workers, and all but three were Canadian fathers themselves.

Spiritually, I think it has paid to have done home mission work in the Canadian West.

CHURCH WORKERS FURNISHED BY THE CANADIAN DISTRICT UP TO JULY 1, 1949

(*Ordained; †M.D. or R.N.; ‡No longer in Service)

Name	Father	Congregation	Service	Remarks
Adam, Lorenz	William	Heimtal		Student
*Befus, John, Jr.	John	Calgary	Nicaragua	
†Befus, Mrs. John	Fred Stelter	Bruederheim	Nicaragua	
Boettcher, Erwin	Emil	Edmonton		Student
‡Busenius, Gottfried	Philip	Bruederfeld	Alaska	
Cybart, Lucy	Alexander	Edmonton		Student
Damer, Walter	Julius	Edmonton		Student
*Drebert, Ernest	Wilhelm	Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	
Drebert, Mrs. E.	Andreas			
	Stoltz	Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	
*Drebert, Ferdinand	Wilhelm	Bruederfeld	Alaska	
*Dreger, Reinhardt	Wilhelm	Bruederfeld		In the Presb. Min.
*Dreger, Wilfred	Julius	Edmonton	Nicaragua	
*Harke, Albert	Ferdinand	Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	
Harke, Herbert	Martin	New Sarepta		Student
Henkelmann, Clarence	Martin	New Sarepta	Alaska	
Henkelmann, Mrs. C.	Busenius	New Sarepta	Alaska	
*Henkelmann, Gottfried	Gottlieb	Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	Deceased
Henkelmann, Mrs. G.		Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	Deceased
‡Henkelmann, Lydia	August			
	Henkelmann	Bruederheim	Alaska	Married a Mr. Jones
Henkelmann, Marvin	Theodore	Bruederfeld		Student
Henkelmann, Percy	Emil	Bruederheim		Student
*Henkelmann, Reinhold	Gottfried	Calgary	No. Prov.	
Hildebrand, Ella	Friedrich	Bruederfeld		S.I.M., Africa
*Kroening, William	Wilhelm	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	

Kroening, Mrs. W.	Ludwig			
†Lebsack, Benjamin	Stelter	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	
†Lebsack, Mrs. B.	Jacob	Calgary	Alaska	
†Lebsack, Jacob, Jr.		Calgary	Alaska	
†Lebsack, Mrs. J.	Jacob	Calgary	Alaska	
Loppnow, Mrs. Milo	Aug. Stoltz	Edmonton	No. Prov.	
†*Marx, Samuel	Herman	Vancouver	Nicaragua	
†Marx, Mrs. S.	Adolph Hoppe	Vancouver	Nicaragua	
†*Moore, Charles		Bruederheim	Alaska	In Teaching Prof.
†Moore, Mrs. C.		Bruederheim	Alaska	
†*Riemer, Reinhold	Julius	Bruederfeld	No. Prov.	In Teaching Prof.
*Riske, Clarence	Gustav	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	
Riske, Mrs. C.	Adolph Kobus	Vancouver	No. Prov.	
Schattschneider, Elizabeth	August	Heimtal	Alaska	Married H. Holtmeier; deceased
*Schattschneider, William	August	Heimtal	No. Prov.	Deceased
*Schultz, Gerhard	Adolph	Bruederheim		Presby. Minister
*Schultz, Raymond	August	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	
*Schulze, Rudolph	Herman	Heimtal	No. Prov.	
Schulze, Mrs. R.	Aug. Stoltz	Edmonton	No. Prov.	
Schulze, Erich	Herman	New Sarepta		Student
Schwanke, Wilton	Gustav	Bruederheim		Student
*Stelter, Albert	Ludwig	Bruederheim		Baptist Minister
*Stelter, Elmer	Fred	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	
Stelter, Elsie	Ludwig	Bruederheim		In Undenominational Work
†*Stoltz, Andrew	Andreas	Bruederfeld		
*Stoltz, Gordon	August	Edmonton	No. Prov.	
*Teske, Arthur	Gustav	Esk		Baptist Minister
†Wedman, Jane	Samuel	Edmonton	Nicaragua	
*Wedman, Samuel	Michael	Calgary	Nic.; N. Pr.	
*Weingarth, James	Theodore	Vancouver	Nic.; N. Pr.	
†Weingarth, Mrs. J.	August Stoltz	Edmonton	Nic.; N. Pr.	
Wensel, Eileen	William	Edmonton		Married Arthur Teske; in Baptist Service
*Wilde, Edward	Wilhelm	Bruederheim	No. Prov.	

The following article appeared in
 THE CHRISTIAN UNION 12 November, 1892

A Family Paper

Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York

[It was discovered in our Society Archives by
 Curator E. H. Swavely.]

A Moravian Vesper

By ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.

President of Lafayette College

It was on one of the first gray days of autumn that an invitation came from a friend asking me to go with him as his guest to the annual "Vesper" of the Moravian Historical Society at Nazareth. I had never had an opportunity to be present at any of the meetings of our neighbors at Nazareth and Bethlehem, although many pleasant reports of their Old World customs had come to me from time to time, and I was delighted to join in one of their most characteristic celebrations. We left our own beautiful situation in the historic "forks of the Delaware," and, climbing the shoulder of richly wooded Paxinosa, descended into the valley of the Bushkill. The long line of the Blue Ridge stretched its front before us, broken by the three gaps—the Water Gap, the Wind Gap, and the Lehigh Gap. The gray of the autumn day half revealed and half concealed the stern mountain barrier, and in lines of haze tracked the watercourses through the valley, leaving the open fields of new-cut corn and the half-plowed uplands outstanding in their tender tints of brown and yellow. The air was fresh with the first frost, and the rapid drive brought us with flushed faces and cold fingers to the hospitable streets of Nazareth.

It is a German town. Name and location have sought in vain to trace its characteristics up to an older, or bring them down to a newer date. The atmosphere is full of the same influences which I breathed long ago in the rambles of my *Wanderjahr* among the hills of Saxony, Cassel, and Bohemia. But it is no worse for that.

It may be not a little better for it. Certainly it has an added interest because of it.

But we were already late, and hurried to the building of the Historical Society. It stands on a fine site in the eastern quarter of the town. A sturdy rectangular building, simple and strong, built of gray mountain stone. Just above the windows of the first story runs a line of red brick, like the layer of slate between two strata of limestone, showing where the archaic sea ebbed and flowed. This line of brick must catch even the most casual visitor's eye, and, even though we miss a portion of the day's programme, we must know its *raison d'être*. Its story proved brief and interesting. William Penn gave the tract of land on which Nazareth stands to his daughter Laetitia, it then amounting to five thousand acres, with the privilege of having it erected into a manor, and of holding a *court baron*. It was sold to one William Allen, who in turn sold it to George Whitefield, the great evangelist. Here Whitefield intended to found a colony which he was to bring from Georgia, but, becoming discouraged, he sold it in 1741 to the Moravians. He had, however, begun a school building and carried it up to the second story. This was the building. The Moravian purchasers ran a course of bricks around the building to mark the point reached by their predecessor, and then carried the work on to completion.

Whitefield left more than one mark on the quaint town. It is generally supposed that the names Bethlehem and Nazareth are landmarks of Moravian occupation. But Whitefield gave the town its name, and from him the grant was known as the Barony of Nazareth. This incongruous combination—this lordship of Nazareth—died stillborn. With accustomed wisdom, the Moravians abandoned all thought of manorial organization, and began their labors with characteristic simplicity. The memory of the Counts Zinzendorf is fragrant in Nazareth, but it was not the rich but humble nobles who left the memorial of worldly lordship in the little town, but the Pennsylvania Quaker and the founder of English Calvinistic Methodism.

We entered a door overshadowed by a vigorous ivy brought from one of the old homes in Moravia, and, ascending to the main hall on the second floor, we find the company assembled. It is no common history which this house and this society keep the records of. It is a history of struggle through many long centuries for religious and personal liberty—a struggle against principalities

and powers, against treason and violence at home, against assault and persecution from abroad, against open enemies and secret defamers; from the day on which John Hus suffered by the command of the Council of Constance to the day when Zinzendorf found persecution even in free America, this history has been one of menace and martyrdom, but also of heroism and triumph. In this room are gathered many memorials of the men who have lived and died for the glory of God in the bonds of the *Unitas Fratrum*; not merely of those who lived and died in the eyes of the world, but of those who, unfaltering and unflinching, have carried the spirit of Paul into many a mission field, as well as this at Nazareth.

The company was a large one, both of men and women, old and young, for all have a part in this glorious history. Nor was it a local gathering only, but there were many from distant cities, notably New York and Philadelphia. They were gathered round long tables on which a substantial but simple meal was served, and after the meal the women took their sewing and their knitting, after the good custom of the Fatherland, and the men smoked, after the bad custom of the New World, while the feast of reason and of song was entered on. The songs were all hymns and printed on slips for distribution, but they seemed so familiar that few used the printed slips, while all joined with delightful zest and heartiness in the singing. The songs were in some cases quaint in language and phrasing, reminding me of the early Psalm-books of New England, and in one or two cases the logic and dogmatic forms of expression were as unusual as they were accurate. The tunes were German chorals, always pleasing to my ear, sweet and full, and carrying the quaint, strong words to heaven with no uncertain sound.

There were four papers on the programme; papers which for solid merit, sustained interest, and original research will bear comparison with the best work of the larger Historical Societies. The first paper was by Professor E. Leibert, for many years the honored Principal of Nazareth Hall, the general school for college and business preparation. It was a translation and brief comment on a sermon preached against John Hus in 1416, just prior to his condemnation by the Council of Constance. This was followed by an account of the work of "Moravian Evangelists among the Swedes of New Jersey," by Professor J. Taylor Hamilton, of Bethlehem; and Professor H. A. Jacobson, of Bethlehem,

read a part of a paper on "The Journey of Bishops Hehl and Ettwein in Eastern Pennsylvania in the Eighteenth Century." But the paper which was of the greatest interest to the ordinary listener was read by the Rev. W. H. Rice, of New York, and was an account of "A Journey of a Bethlehem Boy to Ohio for his Bride in 1808," translated from the diary of Owen Rice, the father of the boy, and, if I am not mistaken, the grandfather of the reader, of the paper. I have rarely heard a more delightful account of a trip through the "wilderness" than this. The writer was shrewd and observant, and at the same time a devout and outspoken Christian. The story abounds in incident and amusing situations, some of which must have been vexatious as well, but the narrative is told in such a spirit of sympathy with nature and trust in God that it is almost a forest idyl, and quite a beautiful epithalamium. Not the least of the vexations which beset the way was bad roads and one of these, after October rains, proving utterly impassible, the wagon was abandoned, and the bridal party pushed on upon their homeward path on horseback. But, on crossing a river at a ford, the girths of the bride's saddle broke and let her fall into the stream. The daughter of a Moravian missionary to the Indians was of too well-tried a temper to mind so small a mishap, and a settler's house being found not far off, the necessary change of raiment was quickly effected. So they rode on, making merry by the way, laughing, as love is wont to do, at obstacles, until the bride's new home was safely reached. At the conclusion of the paper, a cap which the bride wore was shown to the company upon the shapely head of a descendant of the rising generation.

Some impromptu speeches followed, speeches of congratulation and appreciation of the regular programme; some little discussion, also, with regard to the propriety of holding these "Vespers" in a larger hall elsewhere, which was almost, or quite, unanimously voted down; and then the meeting was adjourned, and little groups moved slowly here and there among the memorials of the elder days of strife and struggle, or out in the peaceful little grounds that surround the building.

As I drove homeward in the gathering shades of evening, a strong sensation of simplicity and of strength remained with me as I remember the papers and their readers, and, most of all, their hearers. I have never seen an audience of the same size and of the same diversity of age, sex, and worldly interests participate

in a meeting of the same length and the same seriousness of purpose with such universal interest and attention. There seemed to be among them still the spirit of those who with Hus had caught the force of John Wyclif's teaching and had not let it die; of those who had fought under John Zizka and triumphed under the great Procopius, only that they might the better study under Comenius, and by precept and example preach the true "unity of the brethren in Christ."

In a number of the same month we had a very heavy rain, and the water in the river rose to a high level. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong. The water was very muddy, and the current was very strong.

The Great "International Friendship Celebration" at Fairfield, Ontario, Canada

AUGUST 13 and 14, 1950

By BISHOP S. H. GAPP

President of the Moravian Historical Society

Not by accident did the great celebration take place at Fairfield. Gottlob Senseman died there January 4, 1800, 150 years ago, and was buried on the "Hutberg" of that mission station. He was the first of the original missionaries in "Upper Canada" to die. The mission had been begun in 1792.

And it was 135 years that the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary between Canada and the United States, has been entirely undefended, and the two great nations of North America have lived in blessed peace and good will.

The master mind who planned the double celebration was the late Dr. John R. McNicol, a prominent manufacturer and for many years a member of Parliament, a great and a good man. In the course of historical research he learned of the Fairfield mission, visited New Fairfield, located the site of the original mission, destroyed by an American Army in 1813, and interested a group of men in the purchase of a thirty-two acre site and its development into a memorial park, a splendid undertaking still in progress. Dr. McNicol was the guest of honor of the Moravian Historical Society in 1944; he gave an excellent and inspiring address on the Fairfield mission.

His master mind also planned the details of the celebration. But he was not there. He died suddenly on June 18, 1950, two months before the anniversary. But his spirit hovered over the place and the people. Without special preparation or intention, a third element entered the celebration—a loving remembrance of a great and good man gone to his eternal reward—Dr. John R. McNicol.

Old Fairfield is located on Canadian Highway No. 2, on the North bank of the Thames River, four miles east of Thamesville. New Fairfield was begun in 1818 on the South bank of the Thames, one quarter of a mile up-stream from Fairfield. The church and school-house still stand; the former received necessary repairs for the celebration but no alterations were made.

In this old and renovated Church the first service of the Celebration took place on August 13, 1950. A bright, warm, pleasant day. Not all automobiles are in the U. S.! Several traffic officers were quite busy courteously directing traffic; the vicinity of the Church was packed with cars; the Church was packed full; crowds of people on two sides and in front of the Church. Several of the speakers wondered whether they would be able to enter—but way was made for them. Newspapers estimated the crowd from three thousand to over five thousand. Amplifiers in the trees enabled those outside to follow the service.

The Rev. D. W. Williams, a member of the Fairfield Trust, had charge of the opening service. He is pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Goderich. Chief Omer Peters, in the full regalia of his office, in a neat speech welcomed the visitors from Canada and the United States. Frances Stojaspal, a pretty little Czech blond, who in the course of the year had come to Canada with her mother, dressed in the beautiful costume of her native land, repeated the Lord's Prayer in the language of Hus and Comenius.

Bishop K. G. Hamilton delivered the first address, an accurate sketch of Fairfield's history, with enough material of human interest to hold the attention of old and young; nor did he fail to make some pertinent applications for all of us in our time.

A sermon was preached next by the Rev. H. Paul Guhse, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Petersburg, Florida, on the text Hebrews 11:39, 40. He paid a warm tribute to the faithful workers for Christ in those early days in Ontario and made an earnest plea for all of us of today to follow and serve the Christ now. Moravians will be interested to learn that Dr. Guhse traces his ancestry on his father's side to the Huguenots and on his mother's side way back to early Moravian days.

The Rev. R. S. Johnson, pastor of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Chatham, Canada, also a member of the Fairfield Trust, delivered a eulogy of Dr. McNicol. Here follow a few excerpts:

"It is impossible to pay fit tribute to the late Dr. McNicol, but this at least ought to be said: Dr. McNicol was for nineteen years a member of the House of Commons for Toronto—Davenport. No doubt he was looking after the interests of his constituency: nevertheless his interests were as wide as the country and between sessions of the Parliament it was his custom to travel far, not as a sight-seer nor as a tourist; he used his intelligence to gather knowledge and facts that would help him to promote the general good of the people of Canada. Four years ago he had in mind this project of an International Friendship celebration in 1950."

Chief Omer among others passed the offering plate; the gifts are to be used for the further development of the Memorial Park.

This writer read the Scripture lesson, offered the memorial prayer and pronounced the benediction.

Monday, August 14, was another beautiful day, Canada furnishing as delightful weather as could be desired. On the platform and in the sun it was rather hot.

The afternoon exercises took place on the site of Old Fairfield, very close to Highway No. 2. Again a remarkably large number of people were present. Several traffic officers were kept busy carefully and courteously protecting old and young from harm from constantly passing cars as children as well as children of a larger growth were constantly passing from one side to the other of the busy highway.

A large platform had been erected, large enough to seat, not only the speakers but also a number of dignitaries. The Chairman was Mr. A. R. Ford, vice-Chancellor of the University of Western Ontario, who represented Premier Leslie M. Frost. Recalling his attendance at the 451 anniversary celebration of the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot, he said: "Cabot was doing his duty to the King in finding a new land. But in the Moravian missionaries we see men serving another King giving their lives that the Gospel might be carried into this area."

The Rev. H. Paul Gulse, representing the U. S. Ambassador at Ottawa, delivered the first address. He spoke of the mutual trust between Canada and the U. S., built on the firm foundation of 135 years of peace between the two nations. "There is no weak link between us today. We are gloriously united in common thought, spirit and culture." He spoke very highly of the

Moravians in general and of their efforts in Ontario in particular.

The second speaker was the Hon. Paul Martin, an Indian Chief himself, minister of National Health and Welfare. He represented the Prime Minister of Canada, the Hon. St. Laurent. He stated that though he was not of "your particular faith, like you I do believe in God. Let us all rise above our parochial organizations and recognize those who believe in the Christian way of life."

The tribute he paid to the memory of Doctor McNicol was sincere and touching. He also spoke kindly words of appreciation of the early missionaries. The main part of his address dealt with the 135 years of peace between the two nations. He mentioned an estimate that the invisible line between the two countries, the 49th parallel in North America, 3,900 miles long, is crossed thirty million times a year. The manuscript of the address is in the Moravian Archives at Bethlehem.

After the speech making ceased, two trees were planted as a beginning for the projected "Avenue of Peace." In 1813 it was an avenue of war; on it the U. S. Army marched to Old Fairfield to obliterate completely the fine Christian Indian village. The first tree was planted by our Bishop Hamilton, for the U. S., and the second by the Hon. Paul Martin, for Canada. The writer offered the closing prayer.

Both on Sunday and on Monday afternoons, band music was greatly enjoyed by the large crowds present.

On Monday evening, in the Chatham Hotel, the International Friendship Banquet was held. Every seat in the spacious hall was filled. The toastmaster was the Hon. W. E. Hamilton, Minister of Institutions of Ontario. After the splendid banquet had been served, the toastmaster presented greetings from the Hon. Leslie M. Frost, Premier of Ontario. First he introduced Miss Harriet Clark, of Toronto, niece of Dr. McNicol. She spoke on the good work of the early missionaries, the value of bringing together representatives of the different Protestant denominations in both countries in such splendid fellowship as characterized the two days celebration, the fine record of the 135 years of peace and friendship, and finally of the too often forgotten heroic service of the women in that early mission service.

Bishop Hamilton delivered the next address. He said in part, "In the international circle it is not easy to attain and maintain

friendship. It requires effort and sacrifice. Sometimes we find in families that even if we understand each other we cannot agree. In the home and among brothers, the ties that bind are stronger than the differences. I am convinced that unless we are willing to take that attitude, the hope of attaining international friendship is vain. We must sacrifice for it.

"The Cross of Christ, though apparent defeat, under God was the greatest victory on earth. In sacrificing for international friendship we are following in His footsteps and can count on His help."

Mayor George Kerr, K.C., of Chatham, thanked all who had helped to make the two day's celebration so outstanding a success.

John Ford Taylor sang two solos, accompanied by Mrs. Bryce Kendrick, both of Chatham.

The writer was called on for a few remarks and to close the celebration with prayer and the benediction.

U. S. Moravians present included Miss Caroline Leinbach, Winston-Salem, a direct descendant of the Rev. Jesse Vogler, the Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Swavely, of Nazareth, Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton and the writer. A Moravian lady from England had traveled a considerable distance in Canada in order to be present.

Special mention for very gracious hospitality must be made of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Fletcher, of Chatham, and of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Gray, of London. All the U. S. visitors returned home with the happiest memories of the cordiality shown by all Canadians. We advise Moravians to visit Fairfield and meet the Canadian people. "They are worthy."

EDITORIAL FROM THE CHATHAM DAILY NEWS
CHATHAM, ONTARIO — AUGUST 14, 1950

THE FAIRFIELD CEREMONIES

Impressive ceremonies enacted Sunday and today at the historic Fairfield sites, emphasized the friendly relations which exist between Canada and the United States.

The occasion was a great one, the only regrettable feature being that the discoverer of the site of the old Indian Village, and the promoter of the international friendship event, was prevent-

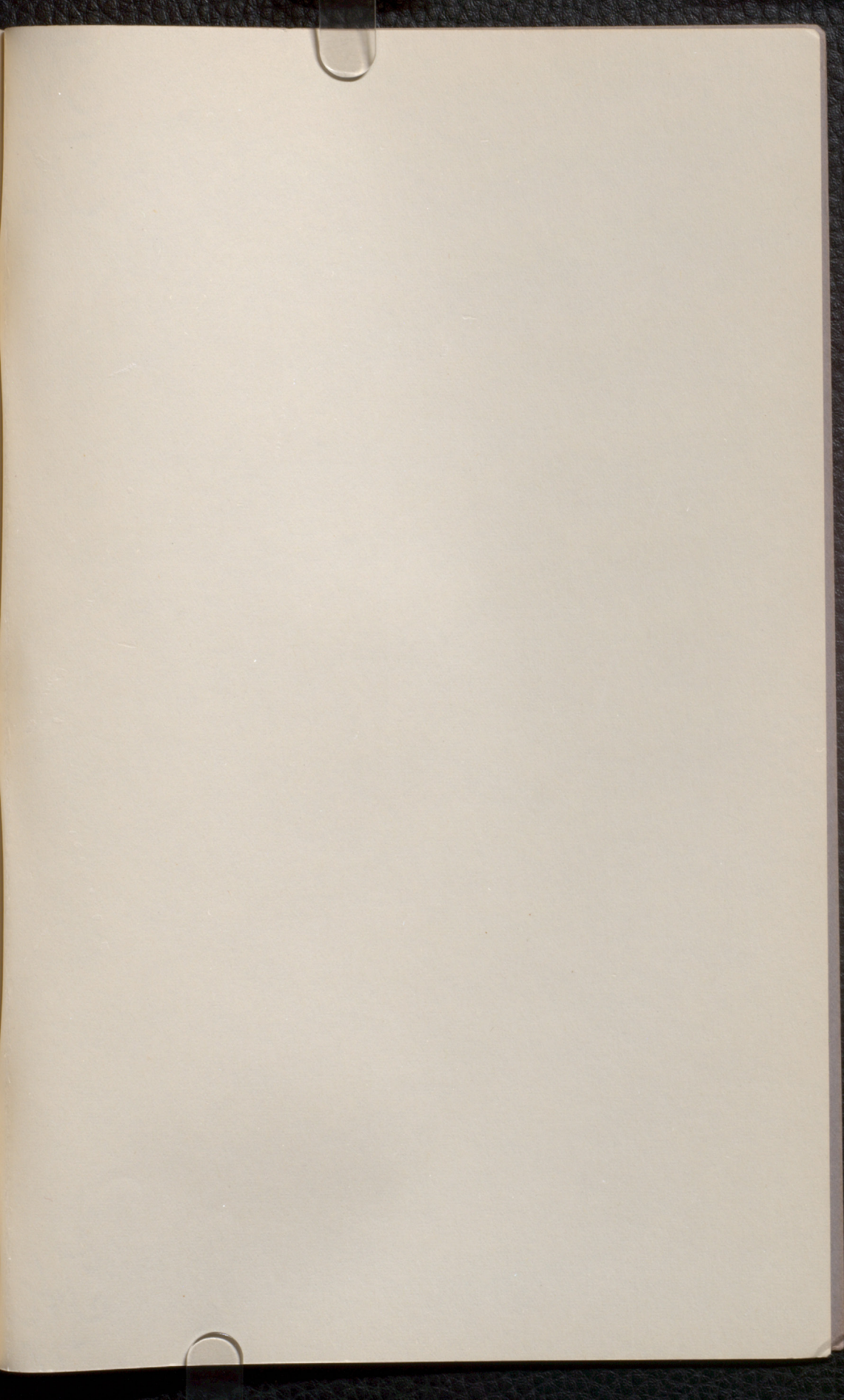
ed by death from seeing his ambitions realized. We refer, of course, to the late John R. MacNicol. Although not there in the flesh, he would be there in spirit, and many of the assembled visitors, no doubt, would feel that the event carried the extra significance of being a memorial to this great Canadian, and his work in connection with the restoration of the historic site.

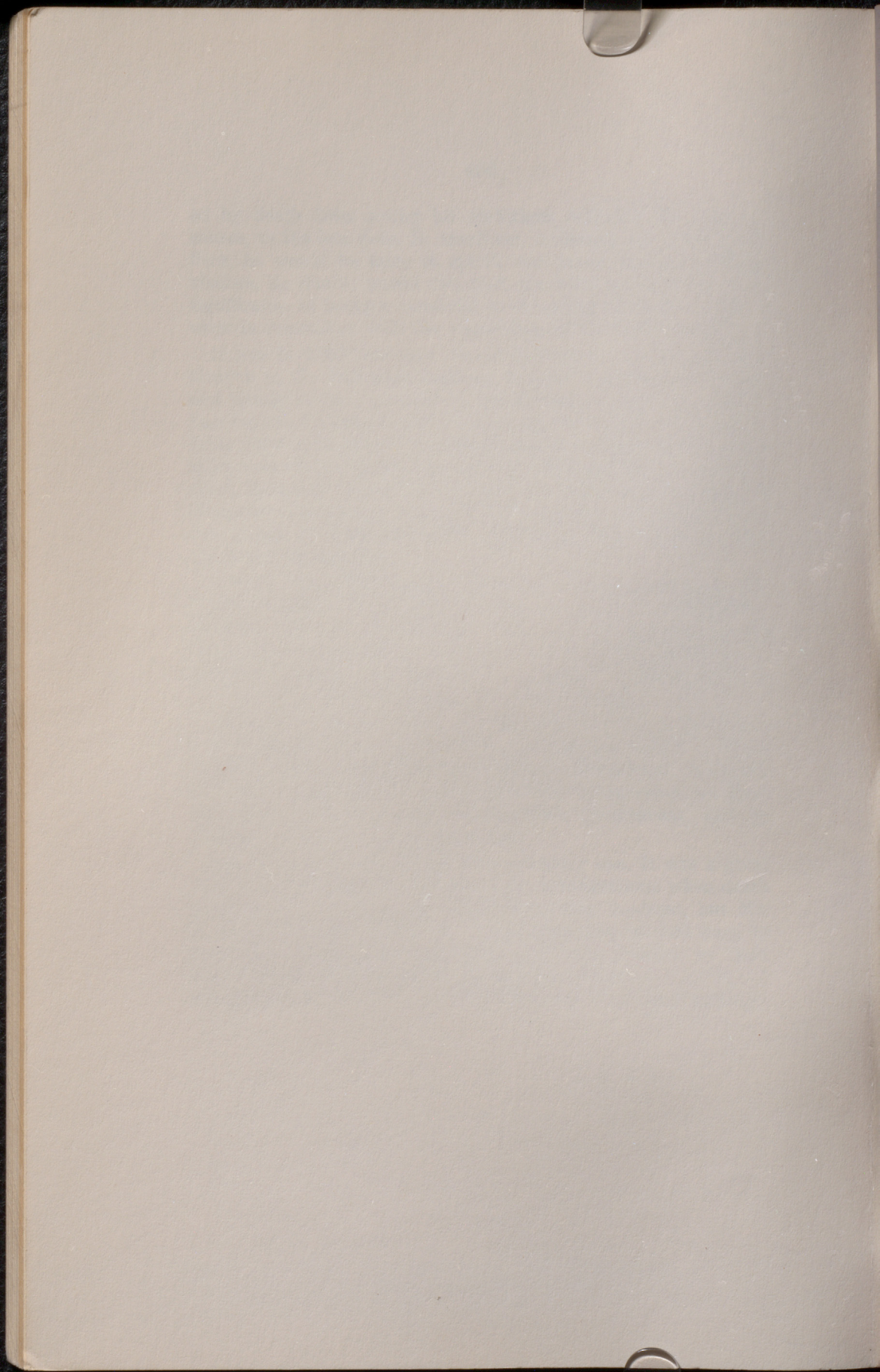
It was in 1792 that Rev. David Zeisberger, a Moravian missionary to the Delaware Indians, founded the original mission and village on land granted by the British government. The village included a church and a school. In the war of 1812—in October 1813 to be exact—the British and Americans fought a few miles west of this village the battle in which fell the great Indian chief, Tecumseh. A day or two later the village was burned. The Moravian missionaries subsequently returned and established a new village on a site across the river where they built a church which is still standing.

In the course of his study of the history of the Moravians, Mr. MacNicol did a lot of research with the result that he located what he believed was the site of the original mission. He was given valuable assistance by Wilfred Jury of the University of Western Ontario. They were able to definitely establish the location on which many interesting relics were found.

Through the generosity of Mr. William A. McGeachy of this city, 32 acres of land were purchased, and this area now forms the historical site on which the weekend international friendship celebration was held. It was highlighted by speeches by Hon. Paul Martin, representing the Canadian government, and by Moravian clergymen from Bethlehem.

The event will be recorded as a red-letter one. It was a great blow to the committee in charge of the arrangements when death removed Mr. MacNicol, as plans were being finalized, but Mr. McGeachy and his associates on the committee worked hard to carry out the arrangements which had been detailed by their late colleague. The success of the important event is a tribute to their splendid work, and for which they are to be congratulated.





Esk. 79

#1681332

